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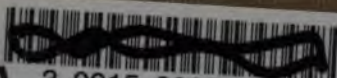
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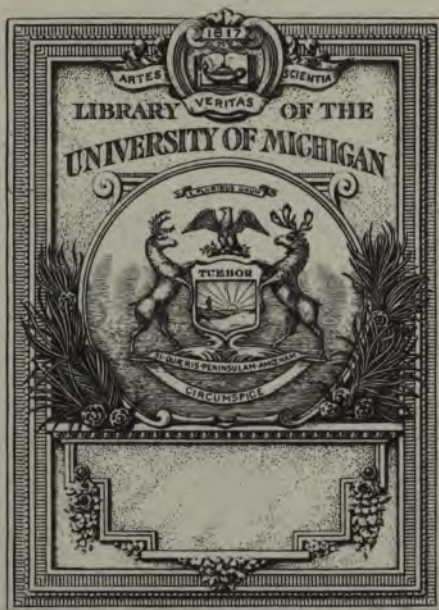
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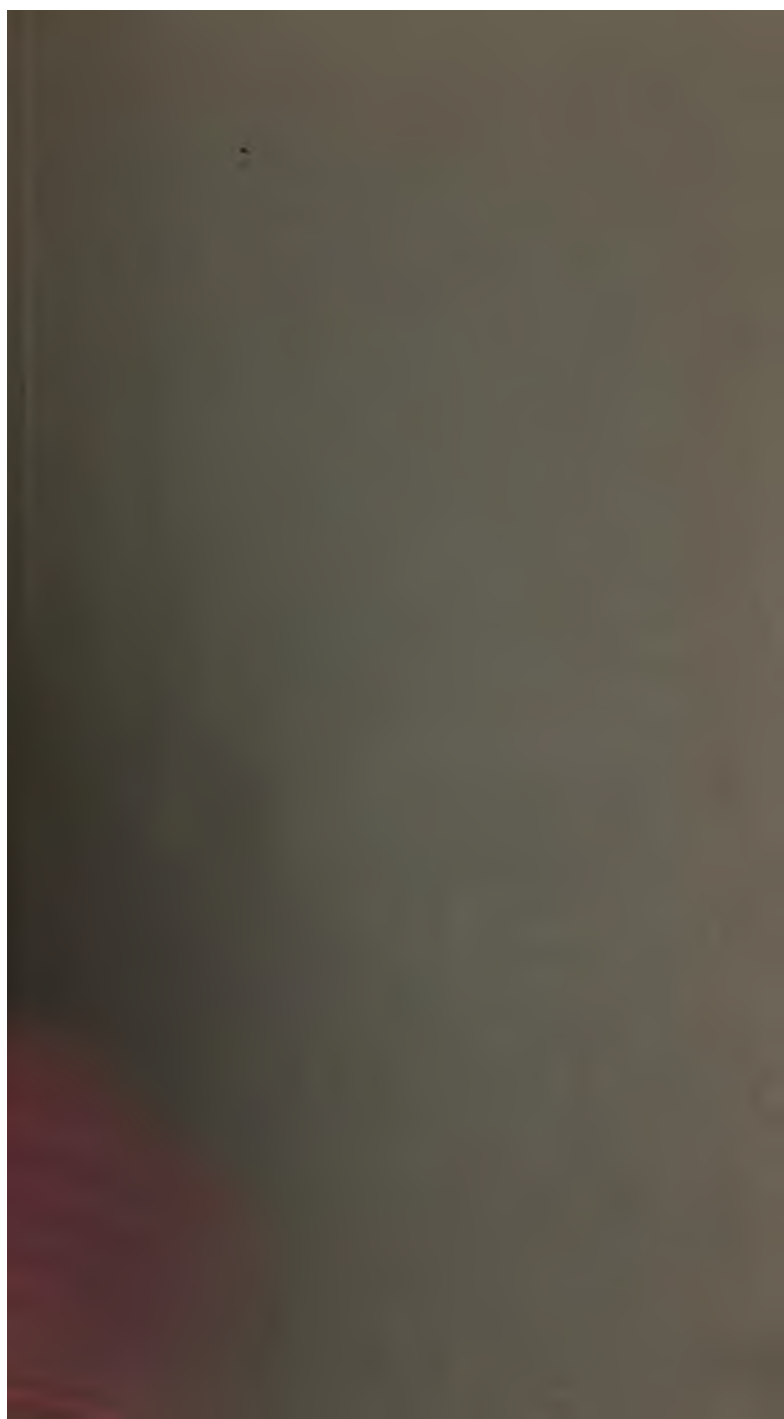
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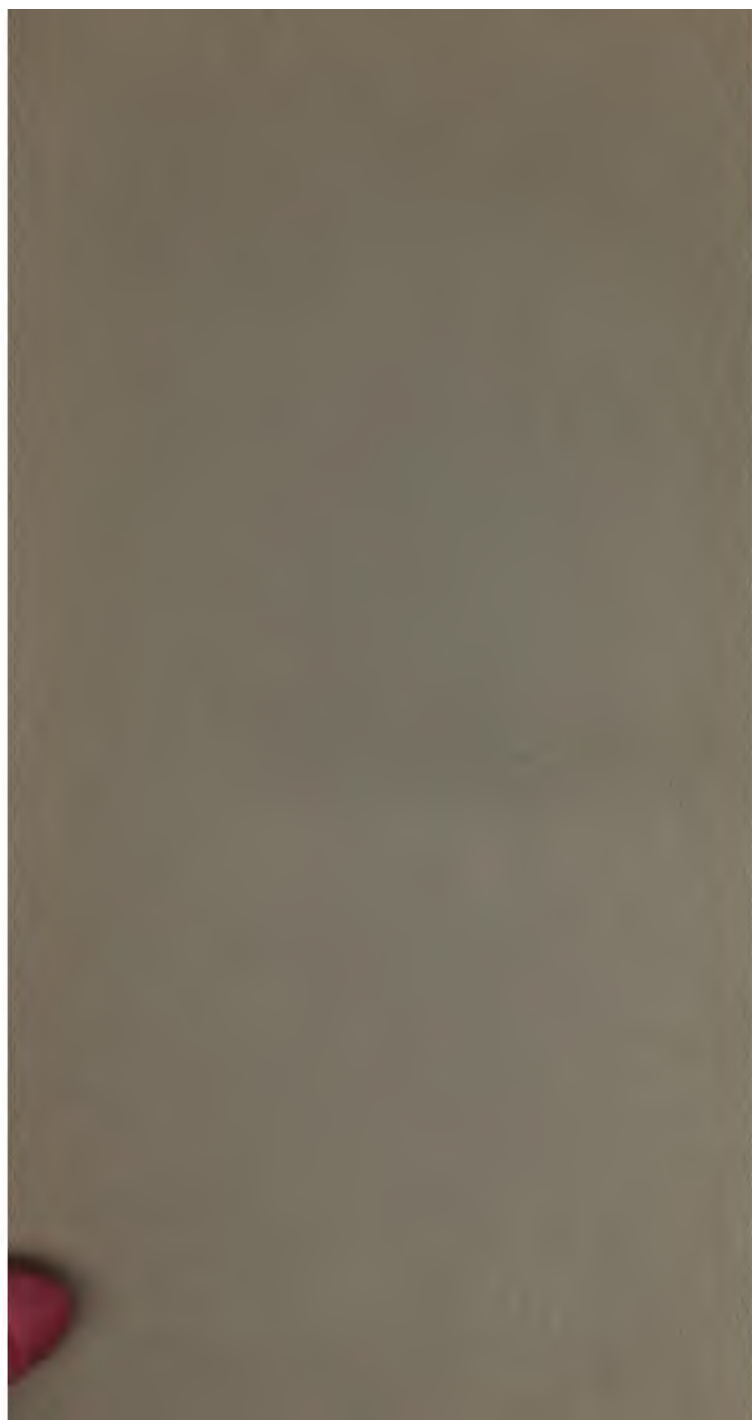


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University of Michigan - BUHR









ADRA,
OR
THE PERUVIANS.
&c.

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A D R A,

OR

THE PERUVIANS;

THE RUINED CITY;

&c.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.

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PREFACE.

LITTLE is necessary to be said on issuing a trifle like this into the world. The Author, of course, thinks it good, or he would not print it : he is pleased with it himself, and therefore he hopes it may please the public ; not in the least believing the common cry of the day, “ that the world is sick of poetry.” The world is never sick of any thing that is good ; it is only bad poetry that it is sick of ; for assuredly, since the days of Lord Byron, very little really superior poetry has been written. This poem, therefore, is published

because the author thinks it good: if the public rejects it, the public is always ultimately right, and the author will willingly submit to its judgment.

In regard to the story, it may be necessary to state, that it is entirely a fable from beginning to end, and those who are minutely acquainted with the scenes in which it is laid, will perceive that the writer has taken a good many liberties with various places and things, to adapt them to his own purposes; nevertheless, he believes that his local descriptions are sufficiently correct to save him from severe censure in this respect.

In regard to the conduct of the Spaniards in the New World, it was bad enough, heaven knows; but still the author wishes it to be well understood from the beginning, that in drawing the small band of Spaniards, which are introduced in this poem, he does not at all mean to

represent the whole of the invaders of Peru. They are supposed to be merely a troop more cruel and licentious than the rest, separated from their companions, and following the fortunes of a daring and ambitious leader, whose views could only be accomplished by the aid of unscrupulous outcasts, such as are to be found in every nation.

Amongst the Spanish nation the author is personally acquainted with many of the most noble and high-minded of men, and he would feel greatly shocked, if they could for a moment believe he wished to confound them with those who perpetrated so many base and cruel actions amongst the unoffending people of Peru.

A D R A,
OR
THE PERUVIANS.

CANTO I.

B

A D R A,
OR
THE PERUVIANS.

CANTO I.

I.

The lion rushes forth, the tiger prowls
In quest of food—for food the hyæn howls :
Gaunt Hunger leads the wolf upon his way ;
And Famine wings the vulture to his prey :
Rapacious man, instinct with direr power,
Of all the beasts that ravage and devour,
Lives the lone wretch that spills his fellow's gore,
For gold, base gold, and slays for lust of ore.

He, king of murderers, first on earth below,
Taught kindred blood by kindred hands to flow ;
And, sad pre-eminence! possesses still
The master's vigour, and the master's will.

Oh ! why is earth so fair where'er we range,
So bright with seasons, and so trick'd with change,
So gay with tints, so glad with lucid hours,
So grand in feature, and so rich in powers,
If man, Creation's enemy, was given
To stain with blood each lovely work of Heaven,
And, raised o'er earth, on worse than vampyre's wings,
To spare not one of all created things.

II.

'Twas in that season, when the King of day
Holds o'er the highest heaven his godlike way,
With all a monarch's powers of blessing rife,
Dispensing joy, and loveliness, and life,
Throned in the majesty of light supreme,
Crowned with the ray, and sceptred with the beam—

'Twas in that region, where his smile benign,
Won willing man to honour as divine
The bounteous orb that taught his flowers to blow,
His fruits to ripen, and his woods to grow,
Poured floods of gladness o'er the teeming earth,
And called all Nature's glories into birth.

III.

Loving with wise idolatry the power
That shook bright treasures o'er his life's brief hour,
The mild Peruvian shamed those ancient days
We fondly decorate with senseless praise,
Found for himself a worship far more fit
Than Roman wisdom or than Grecian wit,
O'er their beast deities ennobled far,
Adoring God in God's transcendant star.*

IV.

'Twas in that hour, when scared by day's bright eye,
The shades of frowning night affrighted fly,

* See Note 1.

And hiding far in distant worlds away,
Like evil deeds, conceal them from the ray—
When the glad star of morning, shining fair,
Waves in Aurora's smile her golden hair,
Plays as a favour'd child before the Sun,
While meaner orbs his beamy presence shun,
Speeds on well pleased in his effulgent eye,
And heralds in the monarch of the sky.

Sweet Star of morning ! with thy raiment bright
Prophet of day, and harbinger of light !
Sure it was thou who led'st upon their way
The Eastern sages, on that blessed day
When first o'er man's benighted path arose
Salvation's dawn t' illumine a world of woes !
Sure 'twas thy beam that brought their steps aright,
Through ways of darkness, to the Prince of light !
Sweet star of morning ! fairest of them all
The Star-king numbers in his heavenly hall !
Image of Hope, who to man's mental eye,
Like thee, gives promise of life's sunshine nigh—

Torch-bearer of the Sun, I court thy beam
To smile a blessing on my fancy's dream !

V.

Fair shone the Star, while the pale cheek of night
Blush'd with the first kiss of the morning light ;
But fainter grew her beam, and fainter still
As the bright conq'erer climbed the heavenly hill—
The quick-winged minutes on before him flew,
And spread his way with every glorious hue,
Won the warm rose beneath his steps t' unfold,
And robb'd the mine to strew his path with gold ;
Then—yielding mildly, as he burst on high,
She left to Day the undivided sky.

VI.

'Tis sweet in early morning, oh how sweet !
To mark all Nature light's grand presence greet,
And, starting from dull sleep, harmonious raise
Her thrilling voice of universal praise—

The insect's busy hum, the bird's glad song,
The opening dewcups of the flowery throng,
The thousand hues of hill, of dale, of wood,
The deep blue heaven, the all-reflecting flood,
The roaring cataract's enrainbow'd fall,
The soft calm murmuring of the streamlet small,
The grassy plain, where vision rests in peace,
The climbing hills, whose skyward steps ne'er cease,
And icy Chimborazo, bearing high*
His diamond forehead to the beaming sky,—
Raise the grand hymn to God's eternal throne,
With music perfect, music all his own.

VII.

'Twas in such season, country, hour, and scene,
While earth looked back to heaven with glance serene,
And this gay garden, man's bright dwelling-place,
Smiling gazed up in the sky's smiling face,

* See Note 2.

Amidst the fairest works of Nature's hand,
The soft, the wild, the vast, the sweet, the grand,
Lovelier in beauty, essence, power and thought,
Than all the lovely marvels round her wrought—
A woman stood—Woman the blessing given,
Oft frail as fair, yet still best gift of Heaven.
Deep in those wilds had Adra ta'en her birth,
Hid in that gentlest, farthest nook of earth,
The latest province that Hualpa's hand*
Had bowed unto the Inca's mild command,
Where purple Andes, o'er the utmost plains
Of rich Peru, a giant monarch reigns.

VIII.

Far from e'en Cusco's simple court, her youth
Had risen amidst those scenes where Nature's truth,
Her grand realities, her candid rays,
Seemed mirrored in the hearts that marked her ways.
I've seen, amidst the mountains that I love,
Where erst my wand'ring feet were wont to rove,

* See Note 3.

A still deep lake, upon whose glassy breast
No angry wind a furrow e'er imprest.
Shaded by mighty rocks, and forests vast,
A massy bulwark 'gainst the tyrant blast,
Calm it reposed, and from its tranquil wave
A mellow'd image back again it gave
Of all grand things that looked into its flood,—
High mountains, azure sky and verdant wood.
Thus sheltered from the world by scenes sublime
Midst Nature's sweetness passed her placid time,
And thus in the pure mirror of her mind
Did each bright object its reflection find.

IX.

The Grecian chisel to the world has left
Such forms as her's, but of that grace bereft,
That moving active grace, whose very cause
Shames the cold marble's everlasting pause.

Oh ! there is nought so beautiful as Life,
So rich in charm, in loveliness so rife.—

Life ! wak'ning matter, as the sun-beam given
To endow frail things with energy from heaven—
That kindling gift, which, like the glorious ray
Pervading space with joy-inspiring day,
Illumes the void of dust, dispels the night
Of nothingness, and dowries clay with light !
Mock man, howe'er ye will, howe'er ye may,
Ye artful mimics of the outward clay,
With Phidias' chisel, or with Titian's skill,
Life's master-beauty will be wanting still.

X.

Her's were the graces of the April sky,
That beam and fleet, and yet before they fly
Give place to others, brighter as they range
With quick, sweet, happy, unexpected change.
Her's was the elegance no art can reach,
That none can learn, and none can ever teach ;
A boon within the power of none that live,
Reserved by Nature for herself to give.

Her's was the combination hard to find,
Of lovely person, and of lovely mind.
The soul of sunshine, and the limbs of grace,
Heaven in her heart, and heaven upon her face ;
A thing of Nature's music, there she stood,
With harmony in shape, in mind, in mood.

XI.

Lo ! how she bends the still attentive ear,
Her lover's flute upon the hill to hear,*
Catches each breeze that flutters through the vale,
And fancies music on the mountain gale.

Is Love a weakness ? Say, ye stoics, say !
Where is the marble breast shall answer, Yea ?
Where is the feeble heart that never knew
How, with new strength, can Love each nerve endue ?
How powerful in whatever form he takes !
What fire he gives, what energy he wakes !

* See Note 4.

Oh ! be there one who proof 'gainst Love would prove,
May Love deny him, for denying Love.

XII.

She loved—Oh yes, she loved ! to Nature true,
And gave the heart's best passion all its due,
With sweeter feelings than the sordid mind,
In its vile joys, base grovelling, e'er can find,
Sublimed above the fancy of the low,
What they nor feel, nor dream that others know.
Why do we love the lark, whose soaring song
Pours her glad heart the summer skies among ;
And hate the wallowing beast, that in the mire,
Fills with foul greediness its maw's desire ?
Because the God of the breast's temple must
Hold kindred with the light, though shrined in dust—
Because, though fall'n, there's still a purer part,
Hid in the dark recesses of man's heart ;
A better spirit that refines his will,
A touch of angel and of Eden still.

XIII.

She loved—Oh yes, she loved ! and list'ning there,
She marked each sound that stirred the ambient air
While the gay morning's golden wing shook forth
A thousand sweets into the lap of earth :
She heard the mellow singing of the bird,
The far vicuna's* bleating tongue she heard—
Morn's busy hum of life ; sweet Nature's voice,
The chant of all that in the day rejoice,
Came floating on the sunny waves of air,
But the loved tones she listened were not there.

XIV.

With more than wonted wish she bent the ear,
The welcome of Huara's flute to hear ;
With more than love's anxiety her eye
Scanned the blue hill his coming to descry ;

* See Note 5.

'Twas not alone she sought once more to know
The joys that from affection's cup o'erflow ;
The dear proximity of those we love,
One air to breathe, one happiness to prove ;
To mingle thought and feeling, hope and joy,
In one bland draught, whose sweetness ne'er can cloy—
'Twas not that coming hours were linked to bring
The day that long had hung on laggard wing,
Which Hope's gay promise had for years assigned,
The last bond of confiding love to bind ;
But that upon her father's dark'ning eye,
Floated prophetic dreams of danger nigh,*
And, unto her worst prophecy of woes,
His feeble days seem'd hurrying to their close.

XV.

'Tis in such moments that the human mind
Feels the full blessing a good God designed,

* See Note 6.

When to his strayed and erring flock he left,

Love the best gift, of Paradise bereft—

Touch of that attribute whereby his will

Created, blessed, redeems, protects us still.

Sweet in the flush of joy, in Hope's smile sweet,

With those we love, the coming hours to greet!

Sweet with the loved, when through time's wastes we

stray,

To look on things that were, though past away,

And call on memory, with reflection bright,

To gild the gone with grand and moonlike light.

'Tis sweet to stand where past and future meet,

With hearts attuned, and bid the moments fleet

But as they've fled ; and thankful to the skies

Raise up in gratitude commutual eyes :

But when love comes in sorrow, to divide

Woes whose approach, dim man must blind abide,

Then, then, it proves the blessing it was given,

And points the full beneficence of Heaven.

XVI.

Upon the old Curaca's* weary eyes
Soft sleep, the mercy-gift, quiescent lies ;
While she with list'ning ear and far-sent gaze,
Tracked the long valley's labyrinthine maze,
Anxious, when slumber from his lids shall fly,
To say his loved Huara's feet are nigh ;
Returned from all the dangers of the way,
Their province' share of sordid gold to pay
For royal Ata's† freedom, who the while
Lay in vile bonds by villain Spaniards' guile.
Bright was the scene around ; the lavish hand
Of liberal Nature, fair, and wild, and grand,
Had mingled in a dreamy air of light,
Soft to the heart, and soothing to the sight.

Wide spread the valley, guarded by the arms
Of mighty Andes, and with smiling charms

* See Note 7.

† See Note 8.

Cast at the Giant's feet, with look of love
Greeted well pleased her mountain king above—
Lovely in feature, like a bride she lay
Robed by green Nature, jewelled by the day ;
And far beyond, up towering, pile on pile
Of purple mountains closed the long defile,
While Chimborazo's hyaline on high,
Flashed back his beams in the sun's lustrous eye.

XVII.

Down thro' the vale quick rush'd the mountain flood,
Chafing at all that its rash course withstood,
Dashed into diamonds, as each fragment gray
Lay calm and still, in its impatient way.
Thus have I seen, in life, a froward child,
By native genius urged, and passions wild,
Rush forth alone into a stony world,
On by youth's hurried impulse heedless hurl'd
Impetuous, deeming that all things should be
At once subservient to his progress free,

And, fretting still, as still he meets by chance
The eternal stumbling-blocks of circumstance,
Which all unmoved lie heavy in his path,
Cold and unconscious of his idle wrath.

XVIII.

Hung o'er the vale, on precipice's verge,
A slender path did venturously urge
Its course ascending, like a spirit given
On high emprise to climb the way of heaven ;
While down below, declining on the side
Of a soft slope, that edg'd the hill-born tide,
Vilea's city lay, a town of bowers,
Clothed with green shrubs and ever varying flowers,
Calm, peaceful, as a sinless babe might seem
Lulled into slumber by the murmuring stream.

XIX.

Long had she watched, when in the distance blue,
A spot scarce visible to human view

Caught the quick eye of love.—It moved, it came,
And now oppos'd to the sun's glance of flame
Huara's* golden shield flash'd in the day,
And as a messenger sent back the ray,
A shining herald his approach to tell
To those who anxious watch'd in the far dell.

Enough, enough to know that he is there !
Burdened with joy and anxious joy to share,
Back to her home she flies—the palace named,
Though little of the palace pomp it claimed,
Nought of its coldness ; only from the rest
By sweeter flowers distinguished, and bedress'd
With richer nature. But its walls around,
Calm Sleep with Silence holds his watch profound—
Sleep, guard of life, that mocking life's hard foe,
Takes death's dark form to scare awhile life's woe—
Sleep, that calm friend we scorn in early hours,
When earth's a garden of enchanted flowers,

* See Note 9.

And Youth, the butterfly, his live-long day
Spends 'midst the blossoms in his flutt'ring play,
Till the clouds gather and the tempests rise,
When tired of fear and hope, and late grown wise,
To Sleep he calls, and courts the downy king
To shade his fever'd eyes with his cool shadowy wing.

XX.

Again she watched, again beheld afar
The golden shield forth glitter like a star—
Near and more near it came ; now lost, now seen ;
Now hid by salient rocks, or the thick screen
Of verdant aloes ; now again in view,
Lighting the mountain's indistinct of blue.
Oh Expectation, thou surpassing thirst !
Not that fell drought on Egypt's plains, accurs'd
With barren dryness, can with thee compare ;
When wracking slow thou com'st to linger out man's

It seems as if Heaven's will had given thee power
To stretch to weary years one short-lived hour ;
Or that Time's wings, suspended at thy call,
Hung faint, like wounded eagle ere his fall.

XXI.

Slow, oh how slow ! along the mountain side
That glittering light spot coming seem'd to glide !
Long, oh how long ! before her eyes could mark
The moving objects in the distance dark :
But as distinct and more distinct they grew,
A new, strange figure filled her wond'ring view—*
First deemed she that the shadows of the hill
Deceived her sight ; but plain and plainer still,
That wild unheard-of form swelled on her eye
Dark, fearful, real—Quick she turned to fly—
Then gazed again—Huara too she saw
Tranquil beside the thing that waked her awe,

* See Note 10.

And stood to gaze, while still that shape increas'd
With monstrous aspect, mingled man and beast,
Till a wild group of plantains, waving high
Their broad green leaves, obscured him to her eye.

XXII.

And now she listen'd for the tuneful note
That wont her lover's safety to denote,
When from the war or distant journey still
His flute, glad warbling, waked the echoing hill.
But all was silence!—Nor is aught so dread
As that dull want of sound, heavy and dead,
When Expectation listens for reply,
And nothing answers. Sign of things that die
Is that still voicelessness. Hope, joy, thought, breath,
Have all their cheering sounds. Silence is death!
Back to her home she turned her footsteps slow
As one who comes a messenger of woe.
Unknowing why, within her bosom thrill
Dark thoughts of grief, presentiments of ill,

Those strange mysterious warnings, to the heart,
Nature, prophetic, often will impart,
Shadowing a dusky image undefined
Dim in the dark recesses of the mind,
Where thought has hardly power, and judgment ends,—
The line where reason with mere feeling blends.

XXIII.

And doubt'st thou, sceptic? Argue then and see,
E'en by thine only test, analogy,
Ere the mad earthquake rends convulsive earth,
And 'whelms the pigmy things of man's weak birth
In ruins infinite—long ere the shock
O'erthrows the mountain, or uproots the rock,
While all is sweet and calm—the clouds, the wind
Hushed in tranquillity—the bestial kind
Feel the approaching fate, and smote with dread
Fly from man's dwelling, ere the bolt be sped
That hurls him into nothing. Shall man be
Less gifted than the brute?—shall *he* not see?—

He, Nature's excellence, be dully blind,—
Find no forewarning voice in his own mind
To tell of mental dangers hurrying near,
The grander perils of his grander sphere ?
What though no brute sensation gives him power
To know the thunder's or the earthquake's hour,
His oft the moral instinct to foresee,
In the dim distance, sorrows yet to be.*

XXIV.

She knew, she felt, that still oppressive weight,
When hope seems loaded with approaching fate ;
The shadows that great woes before them cast
Across her sight with dark foreboding past.
She reach'd her home. Her father's eye, unclos'd,
With fond affection on his child repos'd ;
And in them beam'd that pure celestial light,
Which seeks a name less hackneyed than delight,

* See Note 11.

While running o'er each free and lovely line,
The present with the past did intertwine,
Wove intimate in Memory's mingled thread,
And with the loved and living, placed the dead
Not less beloved ;—then on remembrance grew
Her infant years, when beautiful and new
She stood in childhood's freshness, and each day
Betwixt the past and present, on its way
To the mind's rapid, pauseless eye appears
With one long brightning gleam along the chain of
years.

XXV.

Though memory, hope, and joy were in his eye,
Death's likeness was upon him. When the sky
Has been o'er-blacken'd with the murky cloud,
And all the scene wrapped in one gloomy shroud;
I've seen in the dim landscape one bright spot,
Where all beams met and darkness ventured not :

Thus in his eyes concentrated, the rays
Of fading life shone with expiring blaze,
Brighter that o'er each other line of clay
The cloud of death had cast its shadow gray ;
That fearful shade, mortality's grim sign,
When dust looks pale to lose the friend divine,
That held it fond companionship on earth,
And cheer'd it onward from their hour of birth
Till the last moment of allotted stay,
When, all unwilling, it must fleet away,
Called by death's voice must prompt obey the sound,
And leave its mortal brother to the ground :—
That shade was on him, and he felt it too,
And anxious on his child he turn'd his view,
And for a moment, dwelling on the past,
Found joy and energy that might not last,—
Then spoke Huara's name :

“ Ah whither roams

The son of my adoption ?”

Lo ! he comes,

And kneeling by the old man's side, with woe
Beholds the flickering life-flame feebly glow.

XXVI.

But on one point strain'd the Curaca's eye—
“What, what, that stranger form that I descry,
Unlike in vesture, feature, limb, or hue,
The sun's bright children?—Is the vision true,
And in Villea's valley do I see
*Lords of the thunder, children of the sea?
But oh, Huara! woe upon thy head,
If by thine aid his steps were hither led!
—Canst thou, Huara, thou have led the way,
Child of my heart and heir unto my sway?
Think of the horrors his accursed race
Have wrought thy land—the sorrow, the disgrace,—
Think of the temples of our God profaned,
Our vales polluted, and our streams distained
With our own blood!—Think how the minutes flew,
Calm and untroubled, ere their blighting view

* See Note 12.

Brought mourning over all—how doubt and fear
Now walk with time, and load the lingering year!
Think on their golden phrensy's savage lust,
Their base deceit, betraying all that trust
Their profanation of Religion's name,
To urge the sword and sanctify the flame!
Think ! and, by thee, if here the foe was brought,
Be bitter retribution in the thought !"—

XXVII.

He said, and sunk exhausted, though the ire
Still flushed his brow, and with a dying fire
Lighted his eye. The youthful warrior heard
In patient silence each reproachful word,
Nor answered till he ceased ; then calm replied,—
“ Curaca, Father, Leader, Lord, and guide,
First from your lip I learned what rights might claim
Distress's title, and a stranger's name ;
And in this Spaniard's favour have I wrought
Those things alone that you yourself have taught.

Here in the hills as homeward I returned,
(What time the eastern sky its incense burned
At the God's coming,) weary, faint and slow,
I met the stranger, lost amidst the snow,
That crowns the mountain, without food or path,
Guide, shelter, friend, exposed to all the wrath
Of coming tempests, or the angry ray,—
I saw, forgave, and brought him on his way.
Him, too, in the far city had I seen,
Absolved of all his nation's vices mean,
Scorning their lust of gold, and all enshrin'd
In his high thoughts from touch of sordid mind."

XXVIII.

" Enough, my son," the ancient chieftain said ;
" I taught thee well, and well hast thou obeyed !
Now let the stranger have the stranger's due,
Yet still remove him from my dying view ;
My eye, though fading, hardly yet may brook,
On the destroyers of my land to look."

Still had the Spaniard, wrapt in thoughtful guise,
Surveyed the whole with calm attentive eyes,
As in a world, a scene whereof no part
Reached the recesses of his haughty heart ;
Till upon Adra fell his marking gaze,
Then flashed his eye with momentary blaze,
As when upon the cold dark cloud we see
The eager lightning gleam, and cease to be
In its birth's moment ; so it lustrous shone,
So quick it came, so hastily was gone.
High was his look, and though youth's graces there
Smooth'd his majestic haughtiness of air,
It seemed as if his lip, untaught to pray,
Claimed as a right that all things should obey :
Perchance long habit of command had taught
That look of pride—perchance deep powerful thought
Gave him a confidence in his mind's sway,
Feeling within that strength which men obey,
That mighty sceptre, nought can e'er impart
To meaner souls,—a never shrinking heart.

XXIX.

Yet now, upon his lip soft accents hung,
And smooth persuasion harmonized his tongue :
“ Not a guest’s title, only, would he claim,
But more,” he said, “ a friend’s expansive name.
All who had heard Alvarez* fame must know,
That still to rapine, tyranny a foe ;
Ne’er did his sword maintain or voice applaud
Almagro’s cruelty,—Pizarro’s fraud ;
And now at enmity with both,” he said,
“ Far from their councils and their crimes he strayed.”
The mild Peruvians heard, believed, and won,
Forgot the evils—that his race had done,
Led the tired stranger gently to repose,
And with bland voices sung him from his woes.

XXX.

Meanwhile within the palace, tireless death
Still held the struggle with reluctant breath :

* See Note 13.

There Adra and Huara, side by side,
First learn'd brief life's throng'd sorrows to divide,
While waning light from the Curaca's eye,
Passed, like a sunbeam, from the evening sky—
The bright sky fades—and yet, ere all is gray,
Fair glows the beam and vindicates the day ;
And yet, ere death in conquest could rejoice,
Life rose once more, and struggled into voice.

XXXI.

“ Earth's things are dark'ning fast,” the old man said,
“ The God has call'd—his summons be obeyed !
I go ! I go ! But yet, my children, hear,
In life still cherish'd, and in death still dear !
Many the sorrows I approaching see,
Many the miseries that yet must be
Upon our land, before the burning thirst
Of the vile stranger sates on gold accurst.
Villea's valley distant though it lie,
Not long shall hide it from his greedy eye :

Death gives my soul a far prophetic sight,
And from the future rends its veil of night !
I see, I see, the strange arm'd race appear !
The living thunder bursts upon my ear !
Vilea's children scatter like a flood,
Broke by the rocks ; and, drenched with native blood,
Lies the red vale !"

Now faint and feebly broke
The old man's voice ; but still, though low, he spoke :
" Huara, hear ! and mark my last command,—
Lead forth my people from this blighted land.
When from this broken lamp the flame is gone,
And on the earth, the earth remains alone,
Pile o'er the dust, the dust—be the tear shed
O'er the long newsless absence of the dead ;
Then speed thee o'er yon mountains, there to find
A shelter'd valley like the one resign'd.
But, oh ! beware that ne'er its treacherous earth,
To the pernicious curse of gold gave birth.

Rich let it be in field, in plain, in wood,
In clime, in soil, in pasture and in flood—
This the true wealth, no frantic Spaniard strives
Foully to purchase with his fellows' lives ;
A hundred warriors bid attend your way ;
But once that vale discover'd, let not day
Upon your ling'ring sojourn rise and set,
Nor give your spirit leisure to forget
The firmest mem'ry's but a lettered stone,
Which time wears slowly till each trace is gone.
Return to guide our nations forth—no more
The Inca's race—the Inca's reign is o'er !—
There shall you rest in peace :—But o'er my sight
A strange dim veil is drawn—fades the gray light,
Faint turns my heart, and feeble grows my tongue ;
'Tis death I feel—and oh ! his hand is strong !
Farewell, my children ! King, I come, I come !"—
The light forsook his eye—the lip was dumb.—

XXXII.

What, was it parted?—Who, oh! who can tell?
One moment—but one point—and there did dwell
Within that mortal home a spirit high,
And gazing through the window of the eye
Told of its habitation.—A space gone!
The empty mansion is deserted, lone
And falling into ruin;—something fled!
What? When?—I cannot tell,—go ask the dead!
Life has no answer! Life shall never say
What the fine tie that binds it to the clay.
But now he lived, he reason'd; and his eye,
Illumed with unknown fire, beam'd clear and high
With energy divine—and now what dearth
Of all expression in that vacant earth!
'Tis gone, and he is nothing! Thus shalt thou,
Who readst this page with moralizing brow,
Pass into ashes; thus the hand that writes,
Fall into dust! The spirit that indites

Has mightier hopes, when sep'rate from its clay,
Unchain'd from earth, heavenward to wing its way :
Well pleased to hope, nor asking more to know,
Content to stay, yet not afraid to go.

END OF THE FIRST CANTO.

A D R A,
OR
THE PERUVIANS.

CANTO II.

A D R A,
OR
THE PERUVIANS.

CANTO II.

I.

THERE is a hue, a soft and mellowing shade,
Steals o'er the forest, and embrowns the glade,
Long ere the rugged hand of winter drear,
Tears from the wither'd branch its garment sear :
Scarce shalt thou see it on the yellowing edge
Of each green leaf ; and yet the certain pledge
Is there, that the year's youth is past,
And cold decrepitude is coming fast.
It speaks of bright things fading, and of light
Shrinking away in the dark arms of night;

It shadows forth man's ever-withering state,
With dim prophetic comment on his fate ;
It counsels hope, since things that fade on earth,
Light, seasons, flowers, all know a second birth.

II.

That hue was on the vale, the plain, the wood,
When on the hill, returned, Huara stood,
By the old Chieftain's dying voice sent forth,
To seek asylum in the goldless North,
Where his mild people might in peace repose,
Barriered by mountains from their sordid foes.
Glad the young warrior came—his search was bless'd,
Found was his Adra's dwelling-place of rest ;
And as he flew to lead her to its shade,
Hope round his path with varying lustre played,
Brightened the future with transcendent ray,
Consoled the past, and sped the present day.
Not that he thought to quit without regret
That land, though fallen, which was his country yet ;

Not that he dreamed from out his heart t' efface
Each sweet remembrance, each delightful trace
That pleasure's hand on childhood's mem'ry pure
Has graved with lines that ever shall endure.

III.

Oh no ! Thou only unforgotten thing,
Our country ! Opiate Time's oblivious wing
Lethæan drops obliterating casts
On all but thee. Thy mem'ry ever lasts—
Firmest in firmest souls—The Goddess' son,
Dipped in th' invulnerable stream, held one—
One mortal point—one still unarmour'd part :
Thou penetrable spot in man's proved heart,
The lapse of years shall never steel so much,
But mem'ry still shall find the power to touch.

IV.

He loved his country, but a stronger love,
Rose with regret and soared her pitch above,

And of those firm determined minds that still
Bend idle sorrows to the potent will,
Resolved the chieftain's last behest t' obey,
He swept irresolution from his way,
And called all thoughts, all hopes, all prospects fair,
To quell his own, and soothe his people's care ;
And if, that refuge wandering to find,
The vain regret came weak'ning o'er his mind,
Deep in his heart he hid it from the day,
Lest it should taint his comrades of the way :
And glad he cheered them, as returning now
From their tired search they climbed the mountain brow,
That o'er Villea's vale hung soft, though steep,
Like parent bending o'er his infant's sleep.

V.

High beats his heart—another bound, and then
His eye shall rest upon his home again :
High beats his heart—another step—and now—
Why stands he marble on the mountain's brow,

With outstretch'd hands, and rooted foot, and gaze,
Strained o'er the vale in horror and amaze ?
Is that Villea ? That the town of bowers,
The golden place of peace, of smiles, of flowers ?
A blackened ruin, desolate and bare,
Darkened his eye, and mock'd the sunny air.
As a pine scathed by lightning, the storm gone,
Stands in the landscape, rifted, and alone
In leafless desolation ; while around,
Bright summer fills the air and decks the ground :
So lay Villea, midst things sweet and fair,
As if Heaven's bolt had fall'n and crushed her there.
Still from each reeking dwelling rose the smoke,
Still here and there the brief flame fitful broke
From hall, from palace, and the day God's fane,
Upon Huara's eye, that gazed and wept, in vain.

VI.

The warrior wept—then dashed the vain drops by.
“ Lo ! where in ashes our sweet dwellings lie ! ”—

To those he speaks who on his path attend,
And who, like him, their glance astonished bend
Upon the ruined valley—

“ Lo ! our homes,
Changed by some desolating hand to tombs !
Or God, or man, has bid the flame destroy
Each resting-place of many a mem’ried joy—
All that remembrance linked with hope endears—
If God’s the fire, we ’ll quench it in our tears ;
If man’s—ye warriors of Villea’s vale,
Whose fathers to an empire ne’er would quail,
And but received, to counsel yielding way,
The Inca’s wisdom with the Inca’s sway,
Unconquered and unconquerable race !—
If man’s the hand that in yon deed we trace,
Let him be arm’d with lightning, wing’d with wind,
Villea’s vengeance shall the spoiler find.
Now to the vale our full mishap to see,
Then let each warrior bosom beat with me,

Not in her numbers, not in warlike arts,
A nation's force is in a nation's hearts ;
None e'er were conquered, none shall conquered be,
Who have the soul to die or to be free."

VII.

Thus spoke the chief and bounded down the hill,
But soon before his sight, stiff, bloody, chill,
Marred with strange wounds his country's warriors lie
Glaring on air with fixed unspeaking eye—
Death! thou strange thing, how few there are can brook
To gaze upon thy marbleness of look,
And yet not feel unto their heart's core thrill
The freezing influence of thy presence chill,
And shrink from such mortality ; and yet
There are—I know, I feel there are, who let
The calm eye on thy conquests fearless rest,
Nor by the dark obstructive blank oppress'd
Dread the grim terrors of thine armed hand,
Thy low, lone dwellings and thy shadowy land,

But feel a spirit raised above thy sway,
That scorns to truckle for a league with clay.

VIII.

Huara gazed—but in each mindless face
A call to vengeance only could he trace ;
Yet, following on that silent call, a fear
Crept o'er his heart with apprehension drear.
Oft, while within the hospitable shade
Of that calm valley proud Alvarez staid,
The chief had mark'd his lightning-lighted eye,
Whene'er his Adra's form of love drew nigh.
The dark, the moveless coldness of his glance,
That still seemed occupied in splendid trance
Of mighty thoughts, before her look would fleet,
And his lip thrill with accents soft and sweet ;
Till, sudden, without thanks for service done,
Or notice given, one morning found him gone —
No friendly word, no parting farewell said,
But all abrupt, and dark, and full of dread

To those whose safety in concealment lay,
From their calm seats, unknown he sped away—
And now—Villean's vale in tears—her children dead—
The greedy flame with her sweet dwellings fed—
The blacken'd slain with Spanish wounds defil'd—
The Sun's bright temple of its ore despoil'd !
What might it mean ? He knew not, but the vale,
With silent voice repeated the sad tale ;
The foreign foe had trod her peaceful breast,
And Desolation, his grim mark, impress'd.

IX.

But where was Adra, where ?—The while around,
His pale companions searched the gory ground,
And wept o'er friend or brother midst the slain,
Huara flew through those lone bowers.—In vain
He flew—all, all was emptiness, and there,
With broad vacuity's wild ghastly glare,
Destruction sat upon his kindred home,
Now grown each lov'd association's tomb.

Loud cried his heart for every object dear,
And nought replied—nought but the echo drear
Of equal vacancy—all void and still
Lay, dark and voiceless, desolate and chill;
Not with that calm, partaking of sublime,
That hangs upon the monuments of time;
But the dumb blankness of a corpse's eye,
To love, hope, wish, that vouches no reply,
But leaves the heart unanswer'd, and reprov'd,
To see how earthly was the thing it lov'd.

X.

But lo ! upon the distant hill appears,
Bright midst th' obscure, a crowd of glittering spears;
Yon gorge too, westward, all is flashing gay,
With lance and shield in sparkling disarray.
They come ! they come ! Villea's warriors come
For vengeance on the spoilers of their home !
Warn'd by the flyers from that field of harms,
At once a roused-up nation flew to arms ;

At once each tribe, each friend, and each ally,
Goaded by wrong, aloud for vengeance cry ;
Down from the hill, the valley, and the glen,
Fierce rushed the living cataract of men ;
Wrath in their heart, and justice on their sword,
Freedom their cause, revenge their battle-word.

XI.

But all the vale was desolate and lone,
The plunder over, and the spoiler gone.
There stood Huara—his companions there,
Grim with death's hue, and silent with despair :
Round him the comers press'd, and clamour loud
Burst from the many voices of the crowd ;
A thousand tales at once assail his ear,
A thousand sorrows is he doom'd to hear ;
Alvarez' baseness—Spain's red lust of prey,
His people slaughter'd—Adra borne away ;
Blood, horror, treachery, massacre, and crime,
Alone, find tongues to tell ; —then, for a time,

Still Silence fell upon them.—Placed on high,
O'er the throng'd warriors ran the young chief's eye.
Ten thousand men of battle stood around,
Clad in wild arms—in list'ning hush profound
They paused attentive—each expectant eye,
Turned on the chief, seemed asking for reply
To those quick thoughts, that, eager in the breast,
Questioned with tongues that would not be repress'd—
Silence was on them, and Huara still
In silence marked them, spread adown the hill ;
Then waved his spear, keen ever to avenge,
And shouted brief, “ Revenge ! revenge ! revenge ! ”—
“ Revenge ! revenge ! ” The people seized the sound,
The rocks, the hills, the dales that cry rebound ;
It seemed as if, at once, that valley wide,
Had found a voice, and for revenge it cried—
Revenge ! revenge ! on that accursed race,
Who in her children's blood had stained her blushing
face.

XII.

Towards the spot, where now in ruin, stood
The day-God's temple, quick Huara strode,
And, kneeling 'midst the assembled people there,
Poured to the beaming power his fervent prayer.
“ God of my fathers ! king of life and light,
Bounteous as beautiful, benign as bright ;
Lord of th' excellent ray, whose presence gives
The kindling touch to every thing that lives :
Whose absence is despair, whose clouded beam
Dims nature's eye, and bids her tears to stream ;
Why from thy people hast thou turned thy smile ?
Why given thy children to the bloody wile
Of fraudulent enemies ? Lo ! here thy fane,
Bears of strange fire the dark profaning stain !
Avenge thine own, Lord of the fire divine,
And if so mean, so weak a hand as mine,
May be thy minister of wrath, e'en now
Teach me the mighty ways of death ! Endow

My arm with thunder, and my feet with light,
With speed to follow, and with power to smite—
But if, unknown, Huara should have given
Offence to thee, blest light-bearer of Heaven,
On him alone fall thine indignant ray,
Yet save thy race and vindicate the day.
Give me, oh ! give me victory—and then,
If such thy will, from 'mongst the race of men
Blot out Huara's name—let him be clay ;
Take from his eye its portion in the day ;
But for thy people raise some chief, whose hand
May smite the Spaniard and avenge the land—
Now, God of light, of glory, and of fire,
Sweet in thy love, tremendous in thine ire,
Who taught us happiness, and gave us breath,
Now, yield us victory, or grant us death !”

XIII.

Aloud, this general orison he said,
Then bent his head, and silently he prayed

For her more dear ; while thick about his heart,
Came those soft memories, that with an art
E'en they can scarce resist, who in the school
Of a hard world have learn'd their souls to rule—
Mem'ries of joys that overpower the strong,
Unman the hero, bear the stern along—
With them was many a fear, and many a thought,
With darkling horrors indistinctly fraught ;
The vague wan phantoms that the o'erwrought mind,
The future scanning dark is fond to find—
All sometimes give it—Coward—Brave—Sad—Gay,
That apprehensive look to destiny ;
All at some moment call up spectres grim,
From out futurity's recesses dim ;
But some have mast'ry o'er such sprites, and dare
To quell the phantoms that they conjured there.
And now he cast them from him, and his heart,
Firmly he nerv'd to play its destin'd part,
To conquer danger, and o'erbear despair,
And sweep away each soul-enfeebling care.

Thus have I seen around Britannia's pride,
In angry surges swell the insulted tide ;
The mad winds roar, the frantic tempest rave,
And thus, borne up above the threat'ning wave,
The dauntless vessel spread her conquering sail,
And dared the anger of the ruthless gale.

XIV.

Change we the scene. Pale night, above the world,
To darkness bowed, her banner black unfurl'd ;
Silence and shadow, chill companions, stood
And stretch'd their icy arms o'er land and flood ;
Nature was voiceless, sightless ; over all
Obscurity had fallen ; and in her pall
Of deathlike gloom envelop'd each vast limb
Of giant Andes, figureless and dim.

Nights are there in the world that gorgeous day
Can never equal with his brightest ray,
So grandly sweet, so tranquilly sublime,
It seems as if the earth were done with time ;

And o'er man's busy memories were brought
A calm eternity of placid thought.
And there are nights that seem the reign of death,
So full of shadow, and so void of breath ;
So solid in their gloom, so black in dye,
So unresponsive to the heart and eye.

XV.

Around Alvarez' tents such night was borne,
What time, from sweet Villea's valley torn,
Huara's bride he bore away, and strove
To win by means as mad as was his love,
Too proud to strive with all the specious arts
The world's deceivers try on failing hearts ;
Or, perchance feeling that such arts were vain,
By daring all, he fancied all to gain.
And yet a touch of a more polish'd clime,
Taught him to yield her native tears a time,
Ere urging his bold suit he daring strove
To win the heart he'd wounded, to his love :

Nor yet was his a lip to plead in vain,
And be the sport of the light fair's disdain;
His was that glance of self-supported pride,
That the weak heart feels hard to be denied;
His that indifference of look that wins
Through vanity, that pander of all sins.
His too a soul of that controlling kind
That sways impulsively the vulgar mind.
Lo ! now his lightest look, or tone commands
The heartless bosoms and the blood-stain'd hands
Of those hard men, who, from an ancient world,
By the wild passion of adventure hurl'd,
Or driven forth by evil deeds, or led
By lust of gold, devoid of human dread,
The vent'rous canvass stretch'd o'er seas unknown
To find a land that they might call their own,—
Found, conquer'd, ravag'd, drench'd with gore the
clime,
And temper'd their hard hearts in the red fire of crime.

XVI.

Such were their deeds so bloody, and so base*
The tiger's self had spurn'd them from his race :
Yet now, behold them bowed unto the sway
Of a fair youth, scarce reached the risen day
Of manhood's prime : but in his breast and eye
Sits stern determination, proud and high,
The fearlessness of all that life or death
Can give or take—the soul's own breath ;
High thoughts of deeds that, howe'er ting'd with ill,
Were dark, were evil, but were mighty still.
Yes, 'twas the cold, but powerful bond of awe,
That bound the lawless pliant to his law ;
They saw him scorn the base but glittering prize
Which held such value in their greedy eyes ;
They saw his unquelled glance and ceaseless hand
Where danger menaced or where death did stand ;

* See Note 14.

They saw his ready breast still prompt oppose,
Where scream'd the fight and thickest press'd the
foes ;

They saw his crimes were of a grander cast,
Higher in object, in design more vast,
Than their poor vices, and they bowed them still
To his superiority of ill.

Still ran the whisper too, that time should see
Strange changes, which his hand should give to be ;
That proud Almagro and Pizarro too
In him their chief—perchance their king, should view.
And man the change-loving, contentless child,
Is still to aught of new, or good or bad beguil'd.

XVII.

Now stands he in the murky depth of night,
Soothing the fev'rish aching of his sight,
To which yet shows, as in some fearful dream,
The desolated vale, the gore-stain'd stream,

The burning city and her murdered race,
The battle's rage, the bloody breathless chace.
And something pitiful within his breast,
However scorn'd, that would not be repress ;
Nature 's own stern unconquerable tongue,
Held bitter comment on th' enacted wrong.
Silence ! tormenter silence ! 'Tis in vain,
That heart shall ne'er consult thy voice again !

XVIII.

E'en there, in the deep blankness of the gloom,
And its grand loneliness, there seemed a doom
Of kindred with its own. In that grim hour
He appear'd to commune with some darker power,
While o'er the snowy peaks of mountains far,
Red glowing like some vast and baleful star,
A fired Volcano shook its blazing hair*
The only light in all the midnight air,

* See Note 15.

Portentous, fearful, casting all around
In blacker shade and darkness more profound.
There turned his eye with fixed and thoughtful gaze,
As if he found an image in that blaze
Of what himself might be, if fate should give
His unborn thought, crown'd with success, to live ;
And, mingled strangely, many a passion broke
Across the course of hope, and thus he spoke :—

XIX.

“ Spirit of darkness ! on thine icy throne
That sitt'st gigantic, mournful and alone,
Impelled by some strange power to human woe,
Thine only solace to look down below
And frowning upon all that heaven has done,
To see man's fate out-misery thine own,
I hate thee, though I serve thee ! Bear to me
The same affinity I hold to thee !
Give me success, however won or bought ;
And be the rest thine own—however wrought !

I dare thee now to satisfy my will,
With love, with pride, ambition, high to fill
The cup of my desire. Oft to mine eyes,
In Mammon's shape, thou 'st held the sordid prize
That tempts base souls to death ; but not for me
That mean ore-thirst of trash. If it must be,
Power of the Air, that I shall own thy sway,
Take nobler shape—Be Pride, and I obey !
Be Love, I yield !—Ambition, and I come !
Lead me through life—then crush me with the tomb ;
I seek not, care not, for that afterhood
That tempts the unwilling coward to be good ;
Life's throbbing joys be mine,—what though they fly ?
Sate me with life ! and fearless will I die !”

XX.

He spoke, when quick a low and murm'ring sound
Seemed stirring the dark air, as if around,
Raised by his voice, the legions of th' abyss,
Were from their gloomy world envoyed to this ;

Silent, with ear intent, he listening stood,
And could have fancied that some mountain flood,
Broke from the prison of its rocky bed,
Wild o'er the valley devastating spread ;
But to his war-accustomed heart, full well
That rushing murmur might its errand tell ;
Then beat his heart, for unto him the voice
Of coming war was signal to rejoice.

XXI.

Like that strange bird, that when the wild wind raves,
Flits in mad joy above th' enfuriate waves,
Lives in the crash of storms, and, screaming flies
In the dread tempest's lightning-lighted eyes,
His soul was in the battle's doubtful strife,
And death's grim festival to him was life.
Yes ! there's a wild exciting joy, we know,
In danger's nearness ; when around us grow
Quick perils, and we feel within, the power
To dare and conquer for our given hour.

It may be vanity, it may be pride,
But something to our nobler thoughts allied,
Stirs the roused soul to mock Fate's lifted arm,
And smile at Death's grim impotence of harm.

XXII.

Sudden the murmur ceased, and o'er the night
Congenial Silence reassumed her right ;
But wary still, " To arms !" Alvarez cried,
" To arms ! To arms !" and quickly by his side,
Arrayed, Iberia's vent'rous children stand,
A small, but daring and war-temper'd band.
Still silence reigned ; and still, for many an hour,
The calm dull night maintained its sullen lour ;
Till murmuring whispers midst the soldiers ran,
And all to judge, and some to blame, began—
The weary watch—th' unnecessary call—
Their chieftain's sudden terror—needless all.
" Was stern Alvarez grown a child ?" they asked ;
But he, unheedful, while his deed they tasked,

Upon the gloom strained his impatient eye,
And filled with forms the night's blank vacancy.
Whether his piercing sight, more keen and true,
Beheld those shapes beyond their duller view,
Or whether fancy with experience, joined
To cheat the eager ardour of his mind ;
There fix'd his eye, there dreamed, or there descried
A gathering host, that clad the mountain-side.

XXIII.

Now dawned the morning heavily and slow,
Like mourner's eyes that wake t' unwilling woe,
When sleep, unconscious minister of bliss,
Has touched their eyelids with his downy kiss—
Long strives the night's dim shadow-ruling power,
Disputing with the sun his morning hour.
Gray and more gray becomes th' o'erhanging sky,
And earth's grand things protrude them on the eye
From out a shroud of mist. Each rocky mass,
Each towering crag, each grim and fearful pass,

Gradual disrobes it of its gloomy vest ;
While perched upon the precipice's crest,
As if the mountain-king's aspiring brow
Was diadem'd with gold ; behold, where now
Starts up the spear, and flashes bright the shield,
No longer by the dusky screen concealed !
Each point, each upright rock, each salient stone,
Where the hill's children dare to tread alone,
Scaled in the darkness of the night, while death
Lay deep and fearful in the gulfs beneath,
Now gleams with life, and round the Spanish band,
For vengeance armed, Villea's warriors stand.

XXIV.

“ Down with the tents, and shake the standard forth !”
Alvarez cries : “ Now for a kingdom's worth
I would not lose the glory of this day !
Rejoice, ye vultures, in your coming prey ;
Spread your broad wings exulting, for I swear
To glut your famine with a banquet rare.

But see yon pass, wedged up with serred shields !
Well, be it so ! A nobler harvest yields
The hard contested field—yon ravine too—
Death ! thou grim reveller, shalt have thy due ;
Oft have we fed thee, but we give to-day
A nobler festival, Oh king of prey !”

XXV.

Boldly he spoke with that inspiring tone
Of victory sure, that victory oft has won ;
But other feelings kindle in his breast,
When now his eyes on captive Adra rest.
“ Lo, our fair hostage ! Guarded to the rear
•Remove her from this scene of strife and fear—
Dread not, sweet Adra ! thine illumin'd eye,
Shall be the sun that lights my victory ;
And soon these daring savages shall feel
The conquest-whetted edge of Spanish steel.”

XXVI.

Indignant flashed her eye—"Man—for no name
Dwells in our tongue may epithet thy shame—
Or tiger rather, if such term may suit
Him whose dark heart would shame the nobler brute;
Thou who hast drank our cup, and eat our bread,
Saved by our pity from the nameless dead—
Thou, who by blood and rapine hast repaid
The hand that led, the roof that gave thee shade,
Speak'st thou of victory? No! around thy head
Heaven's hand the shadow of her wrath shall spread;
Conscience shall load thine arm, unnerve thy heart,
Rend thy frail shield, and blunt thy lifted dart—
Here will I stay, and in my kindred's sight
Behold their deeds, and animate the fight!"
Ardent she-spoke, but with that transient fire
That blazes but to dazzle and expire,
The woman's heart but for a moment slept,
Then, strong in weakness, waken'd—and she wept.

XXVII.

“ E'en as thou wilt, proud girl ; no moment now
To try persuasion, when from yon hill's brow
The savage multitude rolls down amain,
Like some vast river deluging the plain.
But thou escap'st not—in our central host,
Secure from flight or danger, be thy post ;”
He said, and lightly springing on his horse,
Chose well his ground, and ranged his scanty force ;
While, with a discipline late learned and new
Among the untaught nations of Peru,
With ranks unbroken, though with rapid pace,*
Down rushed the warriors of Villea's race.

XXVIII.

Now marks Alvarez, not without surprize,
Their warlike order, and their martial guise ;

* See note 16.

They come! they come! terrifically nigh,
In fearful silence—no wild battle-cry
Rings in the air; but stern revengeful hate
Breathes in that voiceless calm, and speaks of fate.
Onward they rush impetuous—near, more near!—
What, will he trust the battle to the spear,
With Europe's dreaded thunders at command?
Within ten strides the adverse nations stand—
Why stays he then?—Lo! well he marks the time
To pour that hell-invented aid of crime—
“Level each matchlock!”—at the word 'tis done—
“Fire!”—the red death flies from the fated gun.
Villeva, wav'ring, shows with fearful yell,
Where the winged fate has done its office well;
And in their front a ghastly vacancy,
Sad comments on that agonizing cry.

XXIX.

Often, before such volley sure and dread,
The ill-cemented multitudes had fled,

When first the unsuspecting Incas woke,
Vainly to struggle 'gainst the Spanish yoke,
But not so now ; though, staggered, with amaze,
Upon the foe they hesitating gaze,
'Tis but a moment that they doubtful stand,
Then on the Spaniard rush, and hand to hand
Fierce urge the strife, in fearful struggle closed,*
Spears cross'd with spears, and breast to breast opposed.
Loud roars the din, the tumult and the cry,—
The vict'ry shout, the scream of agony,
The groan of death, the crash of arms, the call
Of those that live, the shriek of those that fall,
In one wild peal, up mounting to the sky,
Insult Heaven's mercy with war's blasphemy.

XXX.

But what were Adra's thoughts in that dread hour,
When close environed by the Spanish power,

* See Note 17.

Sick, faint, and terrified, obliged to stay,
She stood surrounded by the screaming fray ?
At first, perchance, her dizzy brain reel'd fast,
And her heart sunk, but quick such feelings past,
And while the battle wavered to and fro,
Like angry waves 'gainst iron rocks that flow,
Repelled, yet rushing still with frantic roar,
And pouring still on the opposing shore,
There fixed her eye, where midst the dazzling fight,
A golden shield bore foremost in her sight—
Where high above the battle's angry tide,
A smiting brand its stroke incessant plied :
There, there alone, in the surrounding strife,
Her eye had vision and her heart had life.
All her perceptions centred there, and all
Of hope and fear was in the rise and fall
Of that red arm, that thundering blow on blow
Dashed quick and ceaseless on her country's foe.

XXXI.

But vain Huara's courage—vain the skill
Which taught the discipline his ranks fulfil !
Armoured in proof, for years inured to strife,
Trained in that pauseless game of human life,
Destruction, learned in ev'ry art,
To guard their own and strike their fellow's heart,
The Spaniards stand, ranked like an iron wall :
Still quick to fill the place of those that fall,
Th' unbroken phalanx is renewed ; and still
With vet'ran steadiness, and fatal skill,
The wild attack, the fierce but random blow,
Easy they foil or turn them on the foe.

XXXII.

With morn the fight began ; the noonday sun
Scarce found the sand of battle half way run,—
Firm stood the Spaniards, though full many lay,
With red blood drenching the indented clay.

Still fiercely the Peruvians urged the strife,
Though in their ranks the grisly foe of life
Had feasted on the bravest of the land,
And many a warrior owned his stronger hand ;—
When sudden, from the field retreating slow,
Villea sep'rates from the Iberian foe ;
Adra beheld—"Tis true her heart had bled
To see her race's gore, though nobly shed,
She saw them go—despair fell on her brow.
Lone, captive, friendless, joyless, hopeless now !
As some wrecked seaman from his sinking bark,
Marks lab'ring onward o'er the billows dark
The boat that brings him succour, while his breast
Rises or sinks with ev'ry surge's crest,
Till foundered in the all-engulphing wave
His hopes, and their frail surety find a grave.
So with intent and agonizing thrill
Had Adra viewed the fight—with such heart-chill
She saw her people slow forsake the fray,
And her last hope died with the sight away.

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Unto Huara turned her thought. Her heart
Longed to be still, and with a bitter art,
Imagination bade at once appear
The mingled horrors of each coming year.

XXXIII.

But Lo! arrived at distance from the foe,
Who worn, and weak, unfollowed saw them go,
Quickly Peru's dark bands disperse and climb
Each rock, each crag, each pinnacle sublime,
From whence their arrows or their slings may pour
On Spain's small force the dread and wearying shower.
Wounded, tired out, the Iberian tigers cast
Fierce glances round, while heavily and fast,
By bush and stone concealed, the Indians ply
The fatal bow, and forth the arrows fly;
Some hurtless fall, some wound, and though few slay,
What strength shall bear throughout a tropic's day
Such wearing warfare? Yet to follow there
Were but to rush into a deathly snare

Where in the wild and desultory fight,
Vain 'gainst the Indian skill were Spanish might,
Spain's conquering power is discipline alone,
And all must perish, once that union gone.

XXXIV.

Each mountain pass a living barrier closed,
Each mountain side a hidden fate opposed ;
Each stone a shield, each bush an ambuscade,
Each precipice a fortress now was made,
Too well Alvarez saw ; too well his eye
Might all the lurking death around descry,
Yet, like the hunted lion, firm he stood,
Surveying grim his own exploits of blood ;
Unshrinking still, with not one pulse subdued,
Though fate alone on every side he viewed.

XXXV.

One way remained—but one—he chose his part,
Fixed his dark mind, nerved his unholy heart.

“ Bring forth the captive—” and lo ! Adra stands
In open sight before the Spanish bands.
“ Maiden ! yon wearying arrow-shower must cease,
And thou shalt be our messenger of peace.
Ho ! lead her forward in the Indians’ sight
Before our army half an arrow’s flight ;
Thou, Juan, know’st their tongue—proclaim on high,
That the next shaft which flies shall see her die.”—
Then fell his eyelids, for he might not brook
On that fair sacrifice to turn his look ;
While in his heart, like the crush’d Titan, strove
Against the will that quell’d it, struggling love.
“ If they persist—thou know’st me well—begone !
When was Alvarez’s menace left undone ?
If they persist—their deed upon their head !
’Tis they, not I, that give her to the dead !”

XXXVI.

Thus spoke the chief—the soldier led her on :
Forth to the air the fatal words have gone ;

The arrows ceased, and for an instant spread
Deep silence o'er the vale, as all were dead—
As if fell strife had struck his latest blow,
And the grave's peace had reconciled each foe ;
But lo ! upon a rocky point whose brow
Hangs imminent above the gulf below,
With height so fearful and with hold so frail,
As a straw's weight would hurl it to the dale,
Huara stands. Of more than mortal height,
Lone is he in that atmosphere of light,
Wrath on his brow. Upon his bow's strained string
Lies the keen shaft,—a moment gives it wing,
And to yon soldier's heart shall speed its way,
Or seal her fate and recommence the fray.

XXXVII.

Calmly he gazed, and if the slightest cast
Of agitation o'er his features past,
'Twas but a quiver of the lip when high
He raised the arrow level with his eye.

Now strained the chord, and bent the stubborn wood,
Forth flew the thirsty messenger of blood
And cut the whistling air direct and clear;
Then came the brief expectancy and fear
Of one dread moment.—It is o'er ! profound
In the foe's throat the arrow digs its wound
Ghastly and deep ; yet life is with him still
Enough the hest of vengeance to fulfil ;—
O'er Adra waves the sword. Its fall shall lay
Yon May-flower mown and with'ring on the clay !
But lo ! he reels—down drops the lifted brand,
Snatched from his grasp by death's o'erpowering hand,
And Adra freed, darts forward up the height
Sped on by terror's impetus of light.

XXXVIII.

Digging his red spurs in his horse's flank,
Forth darts Alvarez from the Spanish rank ;
On, on, he follows, sheathed in shining mail
'Gainst which the archer's feeble shaft must fail,

And shall Huara calmly stand and view
His Adra fly, the enemy pursue ?
Yes, calm he stands, but with his straining bow
Tracks ev'ry turn of the advancing foe,
While urged to fearful speed, the flight, the chase
Hold tow'rd the mountain side the equal race.
Quick, quick, flies Adra !—Now the slope is past ;
On, on, she darts—the rock is gained at last :
Light as a chamois, springs she up the height,
Whose narrow path dazzles the dizzy sight.

Bold were the horseman who should dare to urge
His footpace steed along that hanging verge,
While giddy death lies by its side profound—
Nought stays Alvarez !—but another bound,
And he shall grasp her ! Straining as he springs
Forward, the barbed steed his poitral flings—
His chest unguarded shows—then forth the dart
Flies from Huara's bow—'tis in his heart.
The noble charger, for the villain deed
Of his ignoble lord condemned to bleed,

Reels on the height—the Spaniard spurs him on—
Maddened he plunges—rears—falls back—'tis done!
Hurl'd o'er the side, the rider with his horse
Holds tow'rd the earth beneath his headlong course;
His hands, foregone the sword, now frantic clasp
The flowing mane, with a convulsive grasp;
While downward plunging, for a moment there,
They seem to hang suspended in the air,
Distinct and visible to every eye,
The man, the beast, in sprawling agony;
Then down, like light, they go, and dashed to atoms
lie!

XXXIX.

Their ranks all broken, discipline forgot,
On dart the Spaniards to the fatal spot,
With sudden impulse; but that disarray
To the Peruvians yields an easy prey:
With rending shouts down rush they to the plain,
Break through the ranks, that, with an effort vain,

The foe would form once more ; and hand to hand,
Reap grim revenge's harvest with the brand.

Close we the scene—night came—not on the fight,
For it was o'er ; and the moon's peaceful light
Fell upon things as quiet as her eye
E'er looked upon : but when the eastern sky
Grew bright with morn, a throng of dusky wings
Hovered above those cold and lifeless things ;
And, retribution meet, the vulture there,
Disputed with the hyen for his share
Of the grim Spaniard, as a fitting prey,—
A thing more bloody, and more foul than they.*

XL.

Time flew, years rolled, and ages pass'd away,
And the new world a conquer'd province lay
Of a decrepid empire ; and mankind,
Were changed in habit, though the same in mind ;

* See Note 18.

And those who erst, when fortune they would seek,
Strove with the strong, and trampled on the weak;
Restrained by custom now, made wit their sword,
And pillaged nations by a specious word.
In a fair Island, famous in all time
For free-born spirits and for deeds sublime ;
But not less famous for the double skill
Of men, who cheating oft, are cheated still ;
By easy turns the duper, and the fool ;
Liar, or credulous, the knave, or tool—
On this fair Island a mad spirit seized,
And all men's wits were more or less diseased :
Adventure was the ill, and so it raged,
That old and young, and rich and poor engaged
In schemes, we now should scarce believe if told,
From sweeping chimneys, down to mining gold.
It chanced that one, smit with the frantic thirst,
Of digging from the earth her ore accursed,
Flew o'er the Atlantic's mighty waves, and sought
For unknown lands, with unknown treasures fraught ;

There, in his wanderings, when distress and pain
Had made him curse the unfair hope of gain ;
When weary, faint, and tired, he chanced to stray,
Upon a savage and uncertain way,
Sudden the prospect opened, and his eye
Might a fair vale in cultured peace descry :
A strong and numerous people there he found,
Feeders of flocks, and tillers of the ground.
No wealth had they but such as Nature's hand,
Profuse, had scattered o'er a plenteous land ;
Though arts, unknown to savage people, show'd
That knowledge from some distant source had flow'd.
Content and happy, peaceful, kind, and good,
They knew not riches, and they shed not blood :
Traditions said, from a far land they came,
And mem'ried Adra's and Huara's name.

THE
R U I N E D C I T Y ,
A POEM.

1

—

DEDICATION

TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.

MY LORD,

IN dedicating this poem to you I shall take no pains to give my reasons for so doing ; as it must be evident to every one that a work relating in any way to the magnificent remains of ancient Greece, could be addressed to no person with so much propriety as to your Lordship. I may, however, be permitted to show my personal pleasure at the permission which you have kindly given me to make use of your name as I now do, to return you my thanks for that favour, and to express my admiration for your general talents and classical attainments.

I am, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obedient servant.

G. P. R. JAMES.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following little poem was originally printed for private circulation amongst the author's friends, but many extracts from it having found their way into various periodical publications, coupled with higher commendations than the work, perhaps, merited, it is now offered to the public at large, in the hope that it will meet the same favourable reception which has been shown to another production of the same pen.

A few corrections have been made, and a few notes added, which, together with the following

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account of the circumstances in which the work originated, affords all the explanation that can be required.

A few years ago, a party of English gentlemen, travelling in the Morea, conceived the idea of visiting some of the ruins of ancient Greece by moonlight. This was executed accordingly during one of the most splendid nights of eastern summer; and an account of the effect produced, given by one of the travellers to the author, suggested the following little Poem.

The author has only farther to offer many excuses, for faults of every description; and to explain that he has used the words *stelé*, *urn*, *amphora*, &c., indifferently to signify the *tomb*; therein consulting his own convenience, more perhaps than any propriety of diction.

Where he speaks of the *hieron*, he wishes to express

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the shrine in which the image of the God was usually placed in the temples—not the portable tabernacle often designated in the same manner.

In the inscription on the third mentioned sepulchre, he acknowledges having copied an epitaph recorded by Dr. Clarke. If he has stolen from any other persons, he assures them it was done unintentionally, and humbly craves their pardon, and at the same time asks forgiveness of all Grecians for having forced any word borrowed from the ancients, to comply with the accentuation of English verse.

THE RUINED CITY.

I.

PARENT of contemplation ! Night sublime !
Thou equal sharer in the throne of time,
I court thy friendly shade. Let man delight
In glitt'ring sunbeams and in noisy light !
To courts and crowds, I willingly resign
The gaudy day : be night's calm silence mine.

II.

I stood upon a far and lovely shore,
That nature decked from out her brightest store—

I stood amidst the ruins of a place,
Where once had dwelt a wide renowned race—
I stood upon that spot, deserted, lone,
Where arts had flourished, and where arms had shone,
Where congregated life had one time wrought
The marv'lous product of the mighty thought.
But now—— bleak Ruin lorded it around :
A silent voice, that spoke without a sound,
Breathed from the fallen fanes and crumbling walls,
The lonely theatres and empty halls ;
Told the sure doom of bright, of great, of fair,
And read its moral to the list'ning air.

III.

Meanwhile, the sun's pale sister mildly shone
On those memorials of the ages gone ;
Looking so placid on that soul-less scene,
So calmly soft, so pensively serene,
It seemed as if she marked a world's decay,
Not feelingless ; but poured her lucid ray

Upon the remnants of the past, and drew
Some comment sweet and solemn, from the view.
Beneath were column, sepulchre, and bust,
Prostrate, once more, in their primeval dust—
The melancholy records left alone
Of thousands honour'd, and of thousands gone.
Before my steps, a nation's dwellings lay—
The earth I trod upon—a nations clay !
And here and there the lettered stone would show
Some long-lived monument of short-lived woe,
Telling, how Dion died, how Ulpia wept,
Where Ilis rotted, or where Simo slept :
For the first steps within that City led,
Among the mansions of its ancient dead.

IV.

I stood amidst the ruined graves, and there
I communed with the grisly friend of Care :
“ Hail, mighty Leveller ! Despotic Death !
“ Tyrant of all who strive with mortal breath,

“ In thy still land the visionary scheme
“ Of equal portion is no more a dream :
“ There, great and small, the task-master and slave,
“ Find even-handed justice—in the grave.
“ But far thou carriest o’er what man can see
“ Thy calculations of equality,
“ Striking at wisdom, when thou aim’st at health,
“ And forcing from us wit as well as wealth.
“ What can the mighty claim in death’s domain—
“ Death—he who abrogates all titles vain ?”

V.

As gloss upon such text, a tomb stood nigh,
Bedecked with piled up shields and trophies high ;
Some warrior slept beneath, whose ruthless hand
Reaped iron laurels from a groaning land ;
And now this monument remained to show,
In one short life, how much he worked of woe.
Oh ! Death ! Where is the hero ? In the clay !
Lo ! e’en his tomb drops from the world away,

The dank weed hangs upon the mould'ring stone,
And rankly comments on his glory gone.
The worn inscription tells his battles fought;
The column* marks each mighty deed he wrought;
The small tomb brings his greatness to a span;
The falling column echoes " he was man !"

VI.

And what the sanction of the warrior's deed ?
(While countries murmur, and while nations bleed,)
The orphan's curse, the widow's bitter moan,
The conquer'd's hatred, and the dying's groan.
These, the sweet sounds to melodize his ear,
And in his breast man's portioned care to cheer.
Tears dew the path his victor footsteps tread,
And gory chaplets bind his guilty head.
Yet sleep in quiet, mighty conqu'ror, sleep !
What skills to thee who mutter, or who weep ?

* See Note 1.

Sleep 'midst yon panoply, till breaks that day
Which tears life's veil from mortal eyes away ;
For murder, now, robs honour of its name,
And worlds have called it war, and gilded it with fame.

And yet there be, who glorious draw the brand,
For heaven-born freedom, and their native land ;
Who strive for victory ; not for conquest's sake,
But hearth and altar, home and hope, at stake ;
Such win a name on the historic page,
Destined to beautify from age to age—
Glory's true laurel that shall ever live—
A better memory than tombs can give.

VII.

Half hid in shadow, where a temple reared
Its graceful form against the sky, appeared
A low, lone tomb, whose aged tablet gave
A broken legend of that humble grave ;
Here Creon, son of Archimelos, lay,
Who long unknown past his inglorious day ;

Nor e'er till foes approached his native land,
Poised the keen spear, or waved the shining brand ;
Then woke the mighty spirit, sought the field,
Fought, conquered, and returned upon his shield.*
The latent genius, and the soul of fire,
Found their own time to lighten and expire :
And even here, retiring from the gaze,
His tomb itself seemed fugitive of praise.
Around, the unsunned grass grew pale and long,
The wild wind poured its melancholy song
Through ruins dim, and plaintive seemed to mourn
O'er that dark grave and solitary urn.
Near grew the wallflower, o'er his couch of stone,
In fragrant merit modest like his own ;
The Poet's flower,† the blossom of the dead,
Spread its mild perfume o'er his marble bed—
The only flower 'midst Flora's scented train,
That deigns to dwell where death and stillness reign—

* See Note 2.

† Langhorne, Fables of Flora.

The only flower of all the painted race,
That loves the ruin and the grave to grace.

VIII.

Thus when some gay and youthful heart is cold,
The good, the eloquent, the bright, the bold ;
The false world give the mourning black its day,
Yet court mad mirth to drive dark thought away ;
But chance some maid to whom that heart was dear,
Drops at the tomb of youth the secret tear,
Weeps o'er his rest beneath the western star,
While busy worlds of heartless breasts are far,
And all avoid the salutary gloom,
But she who like the wallflower spends her bloom
In fond affection o'er the stilly tomb—
There, oft when Night, calm mantling o'er the heav'n,
To toil its balm, to care its shroud, has giv'n,
Upon the loved one's grave will rest her head,
While thought still communes with the silent dead ;

And oft, when youthful Morn in her gay pride,
Seems man's unfruitful misery to chide,
Flowers of the sweetest scent and brightest hue,
To the lone tomb will call the stranger's view ;
Unfaded 'midst the dew that Evening's eye,
Drops o'er the marble where his ashes lie.

IX.

I stood within that solemn round, alone,
Amidst the relics of a nation gone ;
Their place of tombs ! where fond affections torn,
In days gone by left living eyes to mourn.
But now the living too had shared the fall,
And Death had stretched his sceptre over all.
Yet, most laboriously, had little man
Striv'n to commemorate the race he ran,
And with the pointed tool had graven deep
The marble couch that held his lengthened sleep ;
While Time's slow chisel, never known to spare,
Effaced the letters with malicious care ;

And, waging still his warfare against Fame,
Plundered the yielding marble of the name.

X.

Yet, I have said that some still bore a trace
Of name, of deeds, of purpose, or of race ;
Some, Time had touched so gently, that the eye,
E'en by the moonlight, might each mark descry ;
And, amongst these, the spoiler had forborne
To tear the epitaph from Lucia's urn :—
“ Death came in youth, but not till youth display'd
“ The living virtues of th' Achaian* maid,
“ Her country, mourning her untimely end,
“ Had raised that stelé to the Muses' friend.”
So spoke the epitaph, and left the mind
To fill the picture faintly thus designed ;
Or turning seek, in mem'ry's dark abyss,
For one who merited a tomb like this.

* See Note 3.

XI.

Such once I knew ; from cold earth past away,
A flower that bloomed and withered in a day ;
Her voice was music, and a magic wile,
Born in the sweet persuasion of her smile,
Stole to the heart, like those bright summer beams,
That fill the bosom with enchanted dreams ;
And as she mov'd, the graces round her thrown,
Might have called blushes from the Phidian stone.
Her eyes, as April's morning skies were blue,
As soft, as pure, and once as playful too ;
Young melody delighted in her sigh ;
Her lip was love, her soul was harmony.
Much was her joy to mark the opening spring,
And list while birds its welcoming would sing ;
Or wander through the forest's budding shade,
'Midst youthful boughs in tender green arrayed,
What time the young pale flow'rets early bloom,
And rise like spirits from their wintry tomb.

But when the earth upheld the golden sheaf,
She'd mourn to see her much-loved summer leaf
Fall to the autumn ground, and fading flowers
Drop their light honours 'neath the passing hours ;
For shadowed forth, through nature, she would see
Prophetic lines of human destiny.
Yet much delighted she in every shade,
By the world's variegated robe displayed ;
For infant poesy possessed her heart,
Which scarce herself would own, and knew not to
impart.

But yet at times a something more than thought,
Like a dark cloud o'er summer landscape brought,
Would hang upon her ; and with silent glance,
She'd gaze upon the blue sky's deep expanse.
It seem'd as if her soul had ta'en its flight
To wander in its realms of native light ;
To sojourn, for a space, in joy on high,
Then, sorrowing, leave its dwelling in the sky,
And then a glist'ning tear, uncall'd, would fill her eye.

She was not made for earth, a thing so fair
Seemed formed a higher destiny to share ;
To dwell with spirits in a place of light,
And sing her Maker's praise, and glory in his sight.

XII.

Those who have counted many a livelong day,
Those who have basked in many a sunny ray,
Each ray that vanished, and each day that flew,
Have bade some joy a long, a last adieu.
She faded to the view—and yet 'twould seem,
Her setting sunshine cast a brighter beam.
The evening rose blushed deeper on her cheek ;
Her eye with more than eloquence would speak ;
Her form moved slowly, yet its grace remained ;
Her voice, though low, the list'ning soul enchained :
Her lip grew paler, still its smile express'd
The pure bland beauties that her mind possess'd.
But yet she faded—as the summer green
To melt in autumn's deeper tints is seen.

Each richer colour that the oak leaf dyes,
Speaks of its with'ring 'neath the wintry skies,
By ev'ry hour, with brighter hues embrown'd,
Till the sear leaf sinks to its parent ground.

XIII.

Her father watch'd her,—'twas an only child,
And oft to cheer his widow'd breast she smil'd;
Smiled—though she felt the icy tyrant's dart
Thrill 'in her bosom, rankle in her heart.
A thing of love, and nurtur'd up in joy,
Her being had been expectation's toy,
And that fond parent, in each budding grace,
Had loved the future happiness to trace.
We are mad gamesters in this world below,
All hopes on one uncertain die to throw.
How vain is man's pursuit, with passion blind,
To follow that which leaves us still behind!
Go! clasp the shadow, make it all thine own,
Place on the flying breeze thine airy throne;

Weave the thin sunbeams of the morning sky ;
Catch the light April clouds before they fly ;
Chase the bright sun unto the fading west,
And wake him early from his golden rest ;
Seeking th' impossible let life be past,
But never dream of pleasure that shall last.

XIV.

She past away, like every joy of man,
Setting in sorrow where his race began ;
To idle dust returning (whence its birth)
The time-worn prison crumbles to the earth,
While the freed spirit wings afar its way,
And spurns the heavy thralldrom of its clay—
She past away—yet left a tale most dear,
For Mem'ry's voice to tell Affection's ear,
For love to listen to, and sorrow mourn,
And weep those joys that never shall return.
And if the marble (privileged to lie)
Could yield an earthly immortality,

A storied urn, like this, should bear her praise
To unborn nations and to distant days.

XV.

I stood within that sad and lonely place,
Striving the records of the dead to trace ;—
The dead ! Is that a name of mourning ? No,
Thou far-removed land, where the quick flow
Of time and change is felt not, o'er thy plains
No terror rules, no tyrant passion reigns ;
There, grand primeval Silence sways supreme,
And Slumber deep, unknowing of a dream,
That owns but one bright waking. What is Life ?
A fevered vision marked by care and strife.
And what is Death ? A moment of brief time.
While ages sweep, like waves, o'er ev'ry clime ;
While nations rise and fall on ev'ry shore ;
While arts are young, are excellent, are o'er,
No act, thought, feeling, o'er records the flight,
Of years, to those who rest in Death's deep night.

The hour of dying is this moment here ;
The day eternal breaks upon the bier.
While far and faint floats past this world of woe,
Bursts on the soul th' empyreal glow ;
The grand reality beyond the tomb,
The acmé of the wish—the spirit's home.

XVI.

Why was hope given to man ? To lead him on
From joy to joy, till worldly joys be gone !
To strive with care, to heal the wounds of time,
And teach the mind from height to height to climb ;
To leave the heart unsatisfied with earth,
And point to pleasures of a brighter birth.
Oft, as I've gazed on Time's swift flowing stream,
And seen Hope's bubbles dancing in the beam,
And breaking, one by one, without a trace
To mark their fleeting, or to point their place,
I've marvell'd, empty things, like these that past,
Should still engage, and cheat us to the last.

XVII.

Oh! in the close of life, when years are few,
Hope! wilt thou still delude my willing view,
When from my earliest days, thy flatt'ring ray
Has served, too oft, to lead my steps astray;
When still thy sweetest words have mock'd my ear,
And brightest smiles been followed by a tear;
When even now thy witchery I feel,
And still confiding at thine altar kneel;
Oh! must it be that thou wilt yet deceive,
And I be yet so mad as to believe?

XVIII.

Often in infancy, when joys were young,
And Hope! thy Syren voice most sweetly sung,
O'er the green meadow, and the April plain,
I've chased the varied bow of Heaven in vain—
Followed its hues, transparent as they shone,
And woo'd its fleeting splendour for mine own.

In after years, when beauty's fairer beam
Rose to my eyes, in loveliness supreme,
Beauty I followed, and as fondly too,
As e'er I chased yon arch of painted dew.
Next came the love of glory, and the dream
Of winning fame ; I felt my bosom teem—
With thoughts and feelings, deep, and such as lead,
When rightly taught, to honour's shining meed ;—
No matter now, what might such dream destroy,
Hope, 'twas like all thy gifts, a gilded toy.
Each splendid trifle, that thou hang'st in air,
Is to man's fancy but a glitt'ring snare :
Thyself, the Iris of life's changeful skies ;
And still man follows, where the rainbow flies.

XIX.

But shall he yet, when often thy deceit
Has taught astray to roam his weary feet,
Believe the lying vision he has proved,
And fix his eyes on things in vain beloved ?

Yes even so ! To life's remotest gleam,
The truant still shall chase thy flying beam ;
Till through the vale of death, in glory bright,
The star of hope be fixed before his sight ;
No transient beam, no evanescent ray,
But the full brilliance of eternal day.

XX.

Man feels a strange uncertain pleasure, blent
With the still sadness of those moments, spent
Amidst the dwellings of the dead : we find
Vague comments upon life, and, undesigned,
Extract e'en from the adamantine tomb
A kindred sympathy with man's dark doom.
There's something in the quality of death
To cure the heart-aches that attend on breath ;
To blot out vanity, and pull down pride
And angry passion, life's spoilt child to chide.
The vacant amphora, the stelé high,
Are not unmeaning to the willing eye :

Calm they reprove, and silently they speak,
Correct the mighty and instruct the weak.
The dead have e'en a voice, and from the clay
Cry to their fellow atoms of the day,
And thus exclaim, " All things, on earth, that die,
" All dreams, all pleasures, and all hopes that fly,
" Fantastic happiness, and mad delight,
" Like meteor stars that dazzle the pale night,
" Bright, for the splendid moment that they burn,
" But, once escaped, that never can return,
" We too have known—lov'd—lost—regretted ; all
" Destined in life to blossom and to fall,
" Has decked our being, and has past away,
" Like thine own joys, poor insect of a day !
" And happiest he, who, when his sun shall set,
" Finds much to cheer and little to regret."
To ev'ry heart so speak, with thrilling tone,
The mighty voices of a people gone ;
And, from the moral end of all, display
The strange, grand nothingness of breathing clay ;

The page of life, to mortal eye unclosed—
Its follies and its crimes, to man exposed—
Is but the record of an hour—a breath ;
The truth of ages is expressed in death.

XXI.

Was it for this that ancient wisdom wrought
Her marv'lous tombs ? Was it for this she brought
The labour'd marble from the Parian isle ;
Or hew'd Pentelica's unyielding pile ;
Rais'd o'er the senseless dust the pillar'd dome,
And made a temple what was meant a tomb ?*
Say, was't to honour clay that once was great
Or read a splendid comment upon fate ?
Was it to rescue from the stroke of Time,
The mighty records of her deeds sublime ?
Or but to show, that none with *Time* can cope,
And monument the vanity of hope ?
Weak, weak, and empty striving after fame !
E'en pyramids have failed to guard a name !

* See Note 4.

Crumble, vain columns to your place of birth !
Virtue's the only lasting thing on earth.

XXII.

No ! let man's epitaph be writ on hearts ;
Grief, be his scutcheon when his soul departs ;
The widow's sorrow his emblazonment ;
The orphan's woe his fun'ral monument ;
The good man's pity, and the poor man's tear,
The noblest trophies that adorn his bier.
Oh ! when th' inevitable hour be come,
And 'midst past things, men delve my latest home ;
Let me be mourned by gratitude, and worth,
And fond affection lay me in the earth ;
Place, o'er my lowly grave, no haughty pile ;
Write on my unstained tomb no flatt'ry vile ;
I would not, men should come and scoff, to read
One doubtful record of my life or deed.
No ! rest my name in memory alone,
A purer tablet than the Parian stone.

Let friends remember me ! when these are not,
Or I forgotten—let me be forgot !

XXIII.

Thus musing, from the garden of the dead;
To the lone theatre my steps were sped—
I left the place where tears did ever reign,
To stand where laughter once held high domain.
But the blank stillness here had deeper gloom
Than the appropriate silence of the tomb.
Here were the walls that multitudes had seen,
Here were the seats where multitudes had been.
Here swept the mighty coilon ;* there, the stage
Where the keen mimic mocked the foolish age ;
There, where the lyrist, or the poet strove
To win a garland from the classic grove—
All spoke, that here had been a place of life,
And with more horror the dead void seemed rife ;

* See Note 5.

I looked around, and all was still and lone,
Where wit had sparkled and where beauty shone.
“The bright, the brave, the young, the gay, the fair,
“Where—where are they? The echo answered,
where?”*

XXIV.

Still fancy came, renewing what had been,
And drew Time's shadowy curtain from the scene—
They rise! They rise! The past-by people throng
Their vacant seats; and hark! the choral song!
Now, how the rabble clamour for the sight,
The beasts, the athletes, and the deathly fight!
Or now, the buskin treads the stage; and hear!
How the mad plaudit rends the aching ear!
But what yon grisly form, that stands apart
Mocks all their mirth, and whets his ceaseless dart?
And yon old sluggard, at whose touch the wall
Seems crumbling down, and nodding to its fall?

* See Note 6.

It is!—it is!—Ruin and Death appear!
The nations fade——’Twas but a dream was here!

XXV.

Lone home of multitudes! sad place of mirth!
Mute oracle of each attempt of earth!
I stand within thine empty void, and see
The same moon shine, in unchanged majesty,
Upon thy vacant walls and time-worn stone,
That lit thy glory in the ages gone.
And yon blue ocean, like eternity,
Vague, boundless, vast, that mocks th’ enquiring eye.
Then, past thy concourse, rolled the ceaseless waves,
With which, thine untrod shore, e’en now he laves.
Proud man’s proud efforts thus so soon are past,
While Nature’s works in fadeless beauty last:
And the same hand, that lighted the great sun,
And gave the earth his destined course to run,
Steady in wisdom, still supplies the light,
And still impels the rolling orb aright.

XXVI.

Vast Ocean Time, I stand upon thy shore,
And cast my look thy rolling waters o'er ;
Sad, weary, doubtful, striving to descry
Some distant land, to soothe my longing eye !
And as far, far, beyond thy lapse of sea,
A cloud-like lumen, bright but faint, I see :
Scarce know I, if it be that fancy's wand
Calls a false vision of the wished-for strand ;
Or if, on life's horizon, it be true,
A happier country glads my eager view.
Yet still my fragile boat must plough thy waves,
That roll in storms above unnumbered graves ;
And even then, that misty voyage o'er,
Yet nought but shipwreck can conduct to shore.
Dashed on the rock of death, my shattered bark
Must sink beneath time's billows deep and dark :
Fear, danger, tempest, horror, must be past,
Ere the tired voyager find rest at last.

But, lo ! emerging from the waves of time,
Rises the Day-star of the world sublime—
The Sun of Truth, and as his light ascends,
In blest reality that shore extends.
Fearful no more, my boat shall plough the tide,
Rise o'er the billow and the blast abide—
On ! for that land, where joy eternal beams,
And the world's tempests are but past-by dreams !

XXVII.

And did I doubt of immortality,
With records, such as these, before mine eye ?
When at my feet unnumbered fragments roll
The mortal workings of th' immortal soul ?
—Vast or minute, the daring or the fine,
Alike conceptions of a mind divine ?
What need with thought abstruse, and reas'ning keen,
To twist, of argument, the tangled skein,
To prove the mind immortal ?—Look around !
The earth's hard entrails, and the deep profound,

Subject, like slaves, unto a tyrant's hand,
Obey that mighty insect man's command.
See, from the ground his wondrous fabrics rise !
See the proud atom catechise the skies !
Note distant worlds, and calculate their race,
Or fix their limits in the fields of space !
Or, lo ! his smaller works !—the lightning's fire
Serves at his word, and plays at his desire ;
And complex nature, analysed, combined,
Yields all her secrets to the potent mind.
Strange ! oh how strange ! on the historic page
To trace his efforts, as from age to age,
A ceaseless Hercules, he labours still
To bend all things before the master-will.
And as each falling generation lays
Another stone upon the pile of days,
Another still succeeding seeks to rise
By the same Babel tower—to where ? the skies
Impelled to mount, th' etherial spirit strives
To find perfection, through a thousand lives :

And still progressive, till the world's last day,
Shall rest unsatisfied with mortal clay.
Lo ! lo ! these ruins ! altars raised on high
By mortals to their immortality.

XXVIII.

Behold the Temple !—Say, is it that Time,
Invests his children with his own sublime ;
And gives a holier hue, a grander cast,
To things, thus 'twixt the present and the past ?
Or is it certain that the antique mind,
More pure, original, correct, refin'd,
With master-genius perfected the whole,
And left the arts to-day without a soul ?
Behold the Temple ! Who, that sees, shall dare
The present with the glorious past compare ?
Each perfect column, rising 'gainst the sky,
Leaves all complete ; and the unwearied eye
Rests upon loveliness alone, nor finds
One fault, t' excuse our own degenerate minds.

Here, war, and storm, and time, and barb'rous power,
Have each indulged their desolating hour—
Each, in its turn, the thunderbolt has hurled,
Yet left enough t' enchant and shame a world.
Lo! how the sculptur'd frieze starts into life,
With marble warriors in eternal strife ;
The Thracian beast, trampling the prostrate ground,
Seems struggling with the rein, that checks his
bound ;

The lance, the brand appears to wave above,
The rock to waken, and the stone to move.
Near stood the Hieron, and within its shrine
The godlike marble seemed itself divine.
Perchance Apollo's far-famed image here
Frowned in immortal dignity severe ;
The God, that centuries have seen as now,
With youth eternal beaming on his brow ;
That vast conception, that shall never die
Instinct with light, and life, and majesty !

XXIX.

Here let me pause, beneath these pillared shades,
Whose mighty beauty ev'ry sense pervades
With solemn contemplation. Once again,—
Was all this loveliness the work of men ?
Or had they nobler thoughts ? or did their mind
Hold near communion with some higher kind ?
To whom ?—For what was this bright fabric raised ?
Who here was worshipped ? Whose the name here
praised ?
Venus or Jove !—A Satyr or a—
Oh man, thou marvel ! But no more ! no more !
Lord God Almighty ! King of Majesty !
What—what, the temple that were worthy thee ?
The splendid universe ! the unmeasured skies !
Man's heart the altar ! Love the sacrifice !

XXX.

What if it be, that arts have past away,
Which found perfection in an earlier day ;

Let man rejoice, since his the brighter meed,
Deep in the volume of the mind to read ;
To trace the spirit in its dark abode,
“ And look through nature up to nature’s God.”
True, that the beings of that former time,
To taste devoted all the soul’s sublime,
That native Genius, with her hardy flight,
Soared up, and reached at once unequalled height ;
And placed on high her monument of fame,
Which left to after-efforts nought but shame.
Of all the things that e’er were formed with hands
E’en here, in ruin, the perfection stands ;
And every after-essay has but shown,
Their art, how exquisite ! how poor our own !
But in their insane worship, still we find
The strange incongruous nature of the mind.
Who, who would think, the men whose bosoms teemed
With things, that clayless spirits might have dream’d ;
So bright, so vast, so graceful, and so chaste,
Acme of thought, and excellence of taste,

Would kneel to worship inane stoues, or brutes ;
And clothe their gods with crimes, for attributes ?
Yet may we see a glimmering instinct here,
Of all that teaches, to adore and fear.
Although that light obscure and faint, misled,
Wrongly to worship, not aright to dread.

XXXI.

Through earth, where'er the human foot has been,
In the tall palace, or the forest green,
Or Lord or Slave, cultured or savage, still
Conscious dependance bows man's stubborn will.
Who doubts of God ? Reason, with searching eye,
Can, through all worlds, one wondrous hand descry ;
The Savage asks not why, but owns it true,
The Pagan's idol has its homage too.
In ev'ry breast, that spring of knowledge flows.
The Savage *feels*, but what the wise man *knows*.
In earlier ages, immature, and strange,
In a new world, the intellect might range

Thro' ev'ry art, fresh, strong, and unconfined,
Yet miss the deeper science of the mind :
Nor learn, from earthly stain, to purify
Its first conceptions of a Deity.
Passions, creation's mightiest agents, then
Received the worship of misguided men ;
And next, to body forth the swelling thought,
For adoration, was the statue wrought.
Till brighter day could brighter hopes instil,
They worshipped idols, but they worshipped still.
Yet still the wondrous works around me spread,
Seem to do justice to the mighty dead ;
And show, though shadowed by fantastic rite,
The nobler spirit owned a nobler light.

XXXII.

Enough of this.—On, to yon craggy steep
Where giant walls their lifeless watch yet keep
O'er the still city, that defenceless lies
A prey to ruin, worst of enemies.

I stood within the Acropolis, and there,
Free on my cheek, breathed forth the mountain air ;
As if, by last inheritance, the wind
Still held the ancient spirit unconfined,
That, bold and sweeping, as the stormy blast,
Inspired, e'en there, the warriors of the past.
I stood, and dream'd over a thousand years—
A world of splendor, and a world of tears ;
And wizard Memory, by Fancy led,
Called the past glory, and awoke the dead.
Then rose upon the night the proud array
Of Spartan heroes on their triumph day.
Again before imagination's eye
Athenian galleys swept majestic by ;
The Pyrrhic phalanx, and the Theban train,
Marathon's fall'n, and Cheronea's slain :
And, sitting on the Cyclopean wall,
I saw the waves of battle rise and fall
In wild confusion ; and I heard the cry
Of mingled victory and agony.

The hurtling arrow, and the sounding shield,
The long-contested, and the well-won field,
Came to the eye and ear ; till rising day
Scared the thick fancies of the mind away ;
And, gazing from that airy height, I found
Silence, and death, and desolation round.
Except where, o'er the wide unruffled sea,
The glorious Lightgiver rose smilingly ;
And where, a thousand blue isles scattered wide,
Floated on that bright ocean's golden tide,
Majestic solitude received the ray,
And ruin—only ruin met the day !

XXXIII.

Land where first arts were formed and arms were
sung,
When Nature and when Music still were young !
Achaia, fair Achaia ! Thou art past,
O'er thy bare plains sweeps forth the deadly blast.

The warrior armaments, the mighty names,
The pomp, the pageant, the immortal games,
The hero's faulchion, and the artist's hand,
The sweet, the awful, elegant, and grand,
The lyre, the statue, and the glowing page,
The Song, the Poet, Lawgiver, and Sage,
Where are they now ? And can their mem'ry fail ?
Behold a Ruin, and a doubtful Tale !

A R T H U R.

A FRAGMENT.

ADVERTISEMENT.

a censorship as is compatible with the predilections of human nature, the Author judged that they contained too great a portion of inferior matter to be redeemed by some stanzas of a better character ; and he rejected them with the less scruple, because the story was throughout a mere vehicle for the poetry, and each stanza would probably lose little if it were disjointed from the rest.

ARTHUR.

A FRAGMENT.

I.

Nature ! Dear Mother ! from thine endless stores

With what profusion hast thou dow'ried earth !

The world, and all its variegated shores,

And ev'ry flower that ev'ry land gives birth—

And all apportion'd in their separate worth ;

Most wonderful, in vast gradation set

And splendid plenteousness, unknowing dearth,

And each in beauty by its fellow met,

Yet all unrivalled gifts !—to thee what mighty debt !

II.

Oh, that mine eye could look into the whole
Of thine extended realm, from the slight flower
Of painted fabric, and the busy shoal
Of the gay dancers in the sunny hour ;
Each gilded fly, or blossoms od'rous bower
Which scarce the moonlight 'midst its leaves can see,
Through each immense variety of power,
To all the starry worlds of yon blue sea,
Immeasurable space, and wide eternity.

III.

To trace the greatest and the least, and know
The excellence of all ! It must not be ;
Far, far too vast for mortal thought to flow
Through one small channel e'en of that grand sea,
Filled by the mind omniscient. Unto thee,
Almighty being, only to thine eye
Belongs thine own extent of power to see !—
From the presumption of my thought I fly,
To own my weakness, Lord, and thine immensity !

IV.

Perchance it may be, when this life is past,
That the freed spirit, from its bonds of clay
Eliberate, may wander through the vast,
Its rich reward, in realms of endless day,
The wonders of thy glory to survey ;
To fly through endless space and comprehend
The mighty marvels of yon starry way ;
To hear from unknown worlds thy praise ascend,
And with the glad'ning theme its voice harmoniöus blend.

V.

Ye worlds on worlds beyond the sight of man,
Whose whole creation, bright as it may seem,
Is but the trifling of a narrow span,
To what his own idea e'en can dream :—
And his imagination to the beam
Of God's creative all-transpiercing light ;
What is it when compared ? A taper's gleam
Unto the sun, that, sped on mission bright,
Explores the gloomy void, and dissipates the night.

VI.

Ye worlds on worlds, on your harmonious way,
Winding the mazy circle of the skies :
Or parent suns, that see around ye play
Your starry children, do not hymns arise
To the All-great, All-excellent, All-wise ?
From every part, of ev'ry effort vast,
Sure life still sings and gladness still replies,
Not e'en the silence of the dead can last !
All raise the mighty song—the future, present, past !

VII.

Were on such theme but fixed the mortal eye,
Nought but mad folly could teach man to stray
From virtue's laws magnificent, and fly
To petty crime, to ill's most grovelling way,
And all the vices that degrade the day.—
Like a worm crawling on a beauteous flower,
Is sin in man ; whose spirit, like a ray
Of light celestial, for a little hour
Has left the Heaven to give earth grace and power.

VIII.

But 'tis the art of Vice to draw his gaze
From off the brightness he would imitate,
To hide the glory that around him plays,
And all grand hopes within the gift of Fate ;
To hate all love, and be in love with hate ;
Or to forget to-morrow in the tide
Of present pleasure till, alas ! too late,
He sees Delight far from his footsteps glide,
While round his onward path spreads forth a desert
wide.

IX.

Regretted moments, what a space of life
Ye fill relentless in the long review,
E'en of a few full years ! The hours of strife,
The deeds of evil, and the thoughts untrue
To virtue, Speculation's hopes undue,
Lost opportunity, and every theft
Vain Fancy makes on Time, all these to you
Belong. The sum of all our days, bereft
Of these regretted hours, and what, oh what is left ?

X.

Man looks on future or on past by deeds,
Nor scans the present with inquiring eye ;
'Tis done, and then repented, while Time speeds,
And sees another wasted day pass by.—
Quick o'er the new built palace minutes fly
And drop the seeds of moss upon its walls,
It glitters, blackens, crumbles to the eye—
The laugh is now—now grass is in the halls ;
Another hour, and then it unremembered falls.

XI.

And what a dream our dwelling on the earth !
The moment that we are, a summer's day :
First, from the night of nothingness our birth ;
Our youth, the glittering of the morning ray—
Blithe, careless, tuneful, innocent, and gay
Our manhood—then the gathering storm appears,
And o'er the beamy prospect shadows stray,
Clouds follow clouds, as years revolve on years,
And man and day both set in darkness and in tears.

XII.

Lone in the solitary waste of time

Heaven's earth-clad exile stands. A boundless sea
Far past his narrow view stretches sublime,

His dwelling-place around, Eternity ;
And still some distant land he strives to see,
And still some happier shore he hopes to find,
Till comes the hour that gives his wish to be ;

Then doubt, and fear, and awe, perplex his mind,
And ling'ring long, he looks, and loves the land behind.

XIII.

Flowers that have withered on a desert air,

Or, all unheeded, spent your silent bloom
In solitude ; or, when man's breath would share

With wand'ring breezes in your young perfume,
Have in his hand found an untimely tomb :

Are ye not like the hours that hurry by,
The winged hast'ners of approaching doom,

Lost and regretted, even whilst they fly ?
Hours oft in laughter spent and followed by a sigh.

XIV.

Something too much of this—I turn once more
To him the hero of my lay, who deep
Had drained joy's thoughtless cup all flowing o'er,
Nor seen the poisons Fate does in it steep;—
Sure it has properties to counsel sleep,
Or man could ne'er with waking eyes behold
The snakes that round its golden circle creep,
Yet press it to his lip, all gay and bold,
Till at his heart he feels the serpent's venom cold.

XV.

In Paris, revelry laughs loud and high,
And Arthur glitter'd in the glitt'ring throng;
And glance of love met his from many an eye,
And many a syren tuned to him her song;
And many a light heart danced with his along;
And many a sigh was breath'd for him in vain;
And beat for him full many a bosom young;
And many a proud name gloried in a stain,
While Arthur saw, and lov'd, forgot, and lov'd again.

XVI.

'Twas on a summer evening bright and fair,
St. Cloud had open'd broad its gates of pride ;
And throngs of angel forms and looks were there,
A young, glad, thoughtless, all-delighted tide,
That, sportive, overflowed those gardens wide ;
And wandered, laughing on, in light attire,
A garb that seemed coy Modesty deride ;
With half-shown charms to kindle young Desire,
And wake in ardent breasts a more than Vesta's fire.

XVII.

In sooth it was a lovely scene to see ;
All gamesome joy, and youthful looks, and smiles,
And beating hearts, and gay hilarity ;
And now and then, amidst the green defiles,
A youthful pair, that love's delightful wiles
Had taught to separate from their glad compeers,
By chance you met ; or, leaning on the piles
Of the green herbage, o'er the future years,
Or présent sweets, they dreamed ; nor thought of cares
or tears.

XVIII.

'Twas on a summer evening bright and fair,
That Arthur those gay gardens wandered through,
And smiles still followed as with graceful air
He bent his way, and marked them as his due;
But in a moment, o'er his startled view,
Quick crossed a well-known form, and on him shone
Mary's soft eyes, of heaven's own summer blue ;
Pale was her cheek, and with a heavy moan
She glided o'er his path, a moment seen and gone.

XIX.

Then reeled the scene before his wond'ring sight !—
Was it a truth, or mere illusive shade ?
The moment that he saw her, the pure light,
Of the blanch moonbeams on her footsteps played ;
And on the snowy garments which arrayed
That angel form, it hung a glittering wreath ;
But while each lovely line its ray displayed,
It shone her ringlets cluster'd shade beneath
Upon a brow and cheek touch'd with the hue of death.

XX.

His wild heart sunk, and with unsteady pace,
Yet quick, he followed on her path behind ;
But the fair vision had bequeathed no trace
Unto the air, its onward way to find.
'Twas like the meteor, when the wintry wind
Sweeps o'er a starry sky—a brilliant spark
That breaks from out the gloom and, unconfined,
One instant plays—then sinks from earth's remark,
And all is deeper depth, and darkness doubly dark.

XXI.

In vain he follows. It has past away ;
No where amidst that festive scene is found
The form he seeks ; where the light dancers play
With twinkling feet scarce knowing of the ground ;
Where Music breathes her soul-enchanting sound,
And seeks the heart out through the listening ear ;
In all the pleasaunce of that giddy round,
Eager he sought amidst the soft, the fair :
But vain ! for midst them all, could none with her compare.

XXII.

At length with searching tired, and sick at heart,

Pensive he leaned him 'gainst an aged tree,

And he that wont to bear the gayest part

In ev'ry joy, there downcast heavily

The passing merriment did hardly see.

There was a something heavy in his breast ;

He thought of sadness, yet he wished to flee

From dreams that would not give his bosom rest,

Thick care and dull remorse, that heavily oppress'd.

` XXIII.

There is a stream that dashing o'er the steep,

In that fair park, sparkles to moonlight's eye,

And pours a quiet sound, inviting sleep,

On the lulled air, that scarce dare whisper by,

Fearing to break that murmuring melody—

Couldst thou not fancy from the ancient tale

That there thou hearest some sad Naiad's sigh,

Some nymph that does her lover's lot bewail

And plaintive tells her woe unto the passing gale?

XXIV.

Others have fabled, and shall I not dream ?—

Perchance e'en here, when o'er the early earth
The reign of Saturn shone with golden beam,

Some girl, as fair, watch'd summer's ardent birth
And smiled at fruitless winter's passing dearth,

And saw, and lov'd, and lost—the early ray
Of young affection passed, with all its worth.

The world she hated, and abjured the day,
Forgot herself in tears, and wept her form away.

XXV.

And in those scenes that nourish'd her young love,

That saw her happiness commence and end,
Now pours her sadness to the weeping grove,

While sorrowing on the mournful waters wend.
And ill did then their pensive music blend

With the gay scenes that round about them shone,
Like some, whose sighs from scenes of joy ascend,

Who mock the mirth around with sorrow's moan,
And walk through worlds of smiles in hopelessness alone.

XXVI.

There Arthur paused : a coming step was near,
And by his side, clad in the sable hue
That marks some earth-tie torn—perchance dear,
Perchance of those that hourly to our view
Break, scarce remarked with e'en Fate's comment due—
A fair boy stood, and tender'd to his hand
A written scroll—Strange! man can thus endure
The empty page with meaning, and command
A voiceless thing to bear his voice from land to land.—

XXVII.

He took the letter : and a moment gazed
With sightless eyes upon it, for his mind
Had wander'd far in Sorrow's land, and traced
Full many a heavy cloud of care behind :
At length 'twas opened with quick hand, to find
The grief he feared to see ; but who can dwell
In mad uncertainty ?—Lay there enshrin'd,
'Midst the kind words that all his sorrows tell,
A fair, but faded flower—and at his feet it fell.

THE LETTER.

Farewell !—Upon my closing eyes,

The world is fading fast :

In life, on earth, on seas, on skies,

This look will be my last.

And now that all is fleeting by,

And days of hope are gone,

And all our earthly passions fly,

Love fondly lingers on.

E'en now, the love she bears to thee,

In Mary's breast is fix'd ;

As in those days of memory, .

We passed in joys unmix'd.

Arthur, my wav'ring spirit flies

To yon bright realm above ;

And pure as are those azure skies,

To thee is Mary's love.

Oh ! let me think no touch of clay,
To that affection given ;
But fit to wing me on my way,
To yon expected heaven.

And think'st thou, Arthur, that I grieve
To leave this land of care,
Or all its flowers and sweets to leave,
And all its seeming fair ?

No, Arthur, no ! with early day,
Had many a pleasure flown ;
One hope, one joy, one cheering ray—
I had but only one.

I had but one—yet hard to part
With that one thing so dear ;
Perchance, less pain may rack their heart,
Who quit so many here.—

I have but one—Farewell to thee !

And with that long adieu,

The only sting of death to me,

That joy has faded too !

XXVIII.

He grasped the arm of that fair boy, that stood

Clad in the weeds of mourning by his side ;

Quick from his cheek forsaken fled the blood,

And rushed unto his bursting heart the tide.—

And then he summoned all his native pride,

And strove with cold philosophy to bear

The stunning woe—at least, its show to hide ;

'Twas vain !—his heart was little known to care,

Now burst its sorrow forth ; the sorrow of despair.

XXIX.

“ Gone ! lost for ever ! and the while my heart
Was faithless straying from her love. And now
The sweets of life have fled ; the bitter part
Remains to drink—and I will quaff enow.
Wither, ye flowers of youth, upon my brow !
What do ye, garlanding the temple fell
Of bitter memory ?—Mary, hear my vow,—
Never again with man’s mad race to dwell,
But, far from worlds and crimes, to seek some silent cell:

XXX.

“ And there with thought of thee to make abode,
And to the desert give my lonely sigh,
Till friendly death shall ease me from the load
Of man’s hard fate, and heavy destiny.
And then thy hand may lead me to the sky ;
Our liberate spirits soaring up to heaven,
May gain the mercy-seat of the Most High,
Thou there to plead, and I to be forgiven,
Till hope eternal smiles, and grief afar is driven—

XXXI.

“ Away, the dream ! Ne’er must I think, with thee

To stray through gardens of eternal spring ;

While thou, forgetting earth, and care, and me,

Glad anthems with the ethereal choir shall sing

To heaven’s just Judge, and everlasting King ;

Scarce more an angel than thou wert below,

My bitter pain to some lone cave I’ll bring,

No smile, no consolation there to know :

Sad, silent, and alone, companioned by my woe.

XXXII.

Vain, vain regret ! Oh could it bring again,

Those hours so wasted, days in folly gone ;

Yet come, remorse ! though hope is gone, and vain

The wish to call the lost, with thee alone

I’ll wander forth, and to the desert groan

My sorrows, that abhor man’s shiny day,

Glad, could I weep my bitter heart to stone,

This be the penance that my life shall pay,

For ever sad to think o’er pleasures cast away.

XXXIII.

Ye summer breezes, and ye April flowers,
Ye moments decked in sunbeam and in light,
Ye dreams of happiness, ye early hours,
Ere manhood mingles passion with delight,
Gay days, when yet the heart's young morn is bright,
And fairy fancy paints the glowing scene
With every hue of pleasure, and the sight
Wanders enchanted o'er a world serene ;
Fair sunny earth and skies without a cloud between !

XXXIV.

Treasures that mem'ry like a miser heaps,
In her long passage through this world of change,
While still near Hope, the prodigal, she keeps,
Till heavy Time restricts her power to range.
Then to those joys that nothing can estrange,
Sad mem'ry turns her eye, and counts them o'er,
She dare not look to Hope, who, cold and strange,
Has fled a long and weary way before,
And beckons on her steps to a dark unknown shore.

XXXV.

Farewell such dreams ! The miser's joy is gone,

I must not count the hoarded sweets of youth,
The treasured memory of beams that shone

Pure and unsullied on the days of truth ;
Henceforth my heart shall dwell with things uncouth,

Wild tempests, rugged rocks, and gloomy shades,
Deep will I drink of bitterness and ruth :

While slow my native land from mem'ry fades,
My soul shall culture grief in solitary shades.

XXXVI.

Shores that mine eye shall ne'er behold again,

Scenes I have loved—whate'er thy cause, delight—
Tombs of my hopes, or monuments of pain,

Birth-place of flowers that faded e'er the night,
Suns that no more shall glad me with your light,

Land where my wishes or my hopes did dwell !
All that have passed for ever from my sight—

All that no more upon my view shall swell—
A long a last adieu ! For ever, Fare ye well !

XXXVII.

Hearts once beloved, that now forget to beat ;
Pleasures enjoyed with those untimely gone ;
Looks, that my look no more on earth shall meet ;
Voices that ne'er shall soothe me with their tone ;
Smiles, that one time upon me sweetly shone ;
Lips that no more their tale of love can tell ;
All that have left me in a world alone,
All that were rudely torn, or early fell,
All objects loved and lost, for ever, Fare ye well !

XXXVIII.

“ And weep'st thou, boy ? Nay, fly thee far ! away !
Grief is contagious ; it may strike thee too ;
And thou art young, the blossom of a day,
And fair and seeming kind.—Again, adieu !
I go to hide me from the sun's harsh view,—
Weep not, but hate me ; for it is the doom
Of all that love me, fair, and young, and true,
To drop in sorrow to an early tomb,
Farewell !” He turned away and plunged him in the
gloom.

XXXIX.

He wandered far.—There is a lonely place
Where e'en Salvator might have lov'd to dwell,
For Nature ne'er had stolen from art one grace,
And wildness seemed more wild in that rude dell.
There o'er a mighty rock a torrent fell,
For ever roaring hoarse ; no murmuring sound,
Of music-falling streams ; but one rough swell
Of waters rushing on with frantic bound,
And spreading thoughts of gloom and desolation round.

XL.

There the rude mountains gloomed upon the sky,
Naked, and vast, and black ; and winter there,
Perched like an eagle on their summits high,
Spread his white wings unto the icy air,
And scoffed in gelid pride at summer fair.
There the clouds gather and the tempests lour,
And all the demons of the storm repair,
Screaming enjoy the triumph of their hour,
Then issue forth to waste in black, unsparing power.

XLI.

There the wide Ocean, spreading to the sight
Its boundless waves, look'd like the trackless tide
Of grand Eternity. There too the night,
Soon wandered down the mountains, whose dark
pride
Shadowed the humble valleys by their side ;
And silence reigned, but not the calm repose,
The soft still pause to music's self allied,
But the cold blank of nothingness, that grows
To horrid expectation, and from death that flows.

XLII.

No green soft herbage deck'd that valley's breast,
But rude large fragments of dark heavy stone,
Rolled from the haughty precipice's crest,
Hung in wild grandeur towering ; or alone,
Perchance a tree there was—the ages gone,
Had robbed it of its verdure, and it stood,
A crumbling monument of moments flown,
And solitary looked into the flood,
Where once, itself it saw, the monarch of a wood.

XLIII.

In sooth it was a sad and solemn spot,
In silence, solitude, and sombre shade ;
The timid stag, and wild bird loved it not,
Nor there the choir of spring their concert made,
Nor all the race in golden plumes arrayed.
At times across the solitary sky,
The tyrant Eagle his broad wings displayed,
Turned on the beaming sun his quenchless eye,
Or viewed a world below and soared in ether high.

XLIV.

Or o'er the rocks the izzard wild would bound,
And cast his firm look down the footless steep,
Gaze on the dark stupendous scene around,
Spring o'er the chasm, and dare the headlong leap ;
Crop the scant herbage o'er the roaring deep,
And drink, unheeding, from the torrent stream,
Calm on the precipice's bosom sleep,
Like a rock'd infant, nor of danger dream,
And wake unscared and fresh, with morning's early
beam.

XLV.

These were the only tenants of the place,
Till came that lonely man to sojourn there,
With sorrow branded on his thought-worn face,
And melancholy written in his air.
Yet might one see his cheek had once been fair,
And grandeur still was in his lordly mien ;
A human ruin broken by despair,
Yet ne'er a tear was on his eyelid seen,
But when he turned his look unto the heaven serene.

XLVI.

He sought him out a deep and solemn cave,
Whose far recesses owned a thrilling gloom ;
And almost to its entrance would the wave,
In rippling sport, at its full flowing come.
Stalactites, glitt'ring, fretted o'er the dome,
And basalt columns form'd its stately walls,
Truly it seemed some sea-nymph's crystal home,
Who there might lie within its placid halls,
And list the rushing tide, slow as it swells and falls.

XLVII.

Here Arthur paused, and ~~made~~ his lone abode.

He hoped not, feared not : hope ~~and~~ fear were past,
And life, to him, was but a heavy load,

Which yet, he would not, dar'd not from ~~him~~ cast ;
Though sooth, it seem'd as it were waning fast ;

Yet e'en in death his hope he would not place,
And ev'ry hour a long age seem'd to last ;

For nought had he the minutes slow to chase,
And each young moment crept in age's sluggard pace.

XLVIII.

Hours on the foam-crown'd waves his eye he'd place,

And gaze upon them flowing idly nigh,
One o'er the other with unceasing chase—

Thus, fleeting life does pauselessly glide by,
Event upon event, while smile and sigh

Unnumber'd pass but as the waves of time,
Unheeded, as that tide to Arthur's eye—

His look was on past years of joy and crime ;
His heart was far away, sad, in another clime.

XLIX.

Then would he start from thought, and wand'ring wild,
His vent'rous step the mountain's brow sublime,
Unto its highest summit, undefiled
By foot of man, would careless daring climb.
Thence would he look on many an outspread clime,
Lands full of sunshine, and with riches dight—
A moment pause, and think of other time—
Then, as if loveliness would blast his sight,
Down from the view he'd rush, and bless the coming
night,

L.

And seek his cave, and cast him frantic down,
And curse the weary ling'ring of the day ;
Or ruthful smile, or meditative frown,
Or sigh full deep, and give his sorrow way ;
Then forth again he'd rush, and gloomy stray
Along the drear'est windings of the vale,
Till Evening wrapp'd the skies in mantle gray,
And pensive Night slow glided down the dale,
With all her train of fears, sad thoughts, and shadows
pale.

LI.

At length, o'er the far mountains would he go,
To where a poor and aged shepherd dwelt,
Who wisely never sought to probe his woe,
Nor show'd by language what his bosom felt.
Yet would that old man's words his sad guest melt
To tears, at times ; for he had tasted care,
And hardly unto him had fortune dealt,
Yet calmly could he speak of sorrows rare,
And mix his well-told tale with many a moral fair.

LII.

And well he guessed that stranger's griefs were more
Than anguish-bearing years do often bring ;
There was a coldness in the frown he bore,
As if remorse his wither'd heart did wring—
Not the wild brush of passion's hasty wing—
Thoughtful remorse, o'er lost enjoyments musing—
Frozen despair, the spring-smile withering,
Gone joy's remembrance, bitter fruit ! still choosing ;
And Hope's offended power, her healing balm refusing.

LIII.

There be some men, whose open hearts and free,
Receive all friendships that to them apply ;
On for a while they go with mirth and glee,
And deem all bright that brightly meets the eye,
Till the world teaches them its wonted sigh ;
Then straight all kindly feelings leave the breast,
And forth they exile warm philanthropy ;
Suspicious, lose enjoyment's fearless zest,
And shun mankind's whole race as some contagious pest.

LIV.

But there be some, whose hearts with equal heat
Warm to their fellow ; let what will befall,
For sacred sorrow never cease to beat,
Like his, of dark misanthropy the thrall.
Though fortune sweep away their pleasures all,
And foul ingratitude benumbs the glow
Of active friendship, and life's first dreams fall ;
Yet still for mis'ry will their bland tears flow,
And joy of others still, steal from them their own woe.

LV.

And that old shepherd silently would share,
Without the clamour of an empty show,
In the lone stranger's deep and tongueless care.
Those best soothe heartaches who do heartaches
know,

And though, his weary pilgrimage below
Virtue had deck'd with flowers, and hope with light,
He felt for grief, from whate'er cause it flow ;
And aye, when sorrow met his beaming sight,
He gave his humble aid ; nor asked, for why this plight ?

LVI.

The grief that Arthur bore within his breast,
Would consolation as a foe have fled,
And worldly pity with a frown repressed,
Scorning to own the wound with which he bled ;
But the mild tear that winter'd Shepherd shed
O'er the remembrance of each blighted flower ;
The calm with which he communed of the dead,
The loved, the lost, gone hopes of other hour,
Won his proud heart a while from sorrow's sombre power.

LVII.

He sat and listened half his grief away,
Or calmly musing in his hermitage,
He passed in dreams the meditative day,
Yet would he fancy every hour an age,
Till night dropped o'er the world's tumultuous stage,
And the stars wandered through the twinkling sky,
(The book of fate to many an ancient sage,)
There would he gaze with fond and thoughtful eye,
And let his fancy roam through glitt'ring realms on high—

LVIII.

The Moon had risen in the depth of night,
And smiling at the absence of the day,
Through starry courts she led her train of light,
And o'er the waters took her brilliant way,
There the waves lifted heads besought her sway,
And jocund in the favour of her smile,
Danced where their loved Queen's silver footsteps stray,
Nature, consenting silence, woo'd the while,
And tranquil earth was free from all day's clamour vile.

LIX.

The world was still, when on the night's quick ear
A melody arose of softest sound,
An angel's voice seemed pouring far and near
A song of Heaven upon the air around,
And still an echo wild and sweet it found,
From all the hollows of the cavern'd glen,
Enchanted each soft cadence to resound ;
Till sudden ceased the dream of that bland strain,
And Nature listened still for those sweet notes again.

LX.

There may be moments in the life of man,
No words, no arts can e'er redeem from care,
There have been hours e'en in my little span,
That brightest tints could never picture fair.
Where joy possessed no part, hope had no share,
But oh, that heart is gone, for ever gone ;
Plunged in the deepest depth of dire despair,
That melody can never call its own,
Nor music steal a while from grief's discordant tone.

LXI.

And that strain came to Arthur, as a sound
Known, loved, and passed away with many a dream
Of pleasant years : and in those notes he found
A recollection of delight—a beam
Stolen from the evening sun, and left to gleam
In the bright west, long after day has fled ;
Each breath, each tone, each cadence soft did teem,
With memory of hope and gladness fled,
Recalling to his heart “ the loved, the lost, the dead.”

LXII.

He sat entranced, while through the midnight air
The music wandered.—It was o'er ; yet still
He paused and listened, as its breathings fair
Did even then his ear enchanted fill :
It was not so. But mem'ry still would thrill,
Recalling tones that Mary wont to sing,—
Could it be true that to this world of ill,
Spirits could come borne on aerial wing,
To visit those beloved from realms of endless spring ?

LXIII.

He paused—and through the live-long night he dream'd
Of hours that once had been, and pleasures past,
Till morning gray o'er distant mountains beam'd,
And found him thinking still. Oh Time ! how fast
Thy pace to those who wish the beam to last,
To those who fear the coming on of night,
Or the dread glare which fatal morn shall cast ;
To those who revel in gay youth's delight,
To those that ne'er have felt affection's early blight.

LXIV.

The fool of hope, or idiot of despair,
To these, thy creeping step is all delay,
While every moment wand'ring through the air,
Seems the slow age of many a weary day ;
And every song through nature echoing fair,
Is but a slothful dull elengthened chime,
To heavy hours that careful pass away ;
While weary with th' oppressive weight of time,
The madman madly flies to sorrow or to crime.

LXV.

The chided minutes flew. The hours past on,
The sober gloaming lingered in the west,
The modest star of evening mildly shone,
And Nature robed her in her mourning vest;
The morn, the noon, the evening sank to rest,
And worlds afar received the travelled day,
The veil of night fell o'er the valley's breast,
While Arthur watched the pale moon's bright'ning ray,
And pensive leaned his head and listened for the lay.

LXVI.

Night's charmer beamed upon the waters green,
And contemplative musing seemed to smile
On the reflection of her silver sheen
From her fair ocean mirror, and the while
She cast a brightening glance on the rude pile
Of giant rocks, that lorded it around
In gloomy shadow, and with gentle guile
To win a bright look from their brows that frown'd,
Save when by her soft beams their haughty heads were
crown'd.

LXVII.

What is th' interminable maze, that lies

Spotted with distant suns, like flowers that grow,
And glitter in that garden of the skies?—

To stand upon a speck of earth, and know
Self-poised we hang above a depth below,

Above, on every side eternity,
That seems around like some vast wave to flow,—

Perchance the abode it is of spirits high,
Too bright for thought, too fine for man's dull eye!

LXVIII.

Perchance, e'en there, some love the moonlight pale,

And sport in Cynthia's soft reflective beam :
Or wander round the distant stars, or sail

In warm delight on sunshine's liquid stream ;
Or from some far-off orb, whose faintest gleam

Has ne'er yet reached the earth, guide forth a ray
To cheer some Herschel in his starry dream ;

Or weave the sun and clouds in rainbows gay ;
Or strew, with rosy drops, the path of early day.

LXIX.

Or speed upon their wings more swift than light,
Than hope's glad change, or thought of man's quick
mind;

From system unto system, bright to bright,
Through fields of stars where busy comets wind
Along the sky's meand'ring path ; to find
The wond'rous barrier of the whole, still sped
By sphere and sphere, and world and world, combin'd ;
But still behold creation endless spread,
And stop their daring flight, in wonder, and in dread.

LXX.

Who has not dream'd upon such themes, when night
Lays on man's griefs necessity of thought ?
(Griefs that ne'er sleep) when skies, though shaded
bright,
With distant lustrous sheeny gems are fraught,
Such fancies then in Arthur's bosom wrought,
While there he listened for that dreamy song ;
And those thoughts, with them, a calm solace brought,

As if his soul could fly the skies among,
Teaching his spirit still for freedom's gift to long.

LXXI.

He fixed his eyes upon the moonlight air—
It seem'd, as if a bright and lucid ray
From ~~ev'ry~~ star had congregated there,
Around one spot in heaven's expanse to play,
And flutter in a kind of garment gay ;
Then to a more defined form it grew,
And almost human seem'd on air to stay,
Yet still retained its thin translucent hue ;
A light, fair shadow, cast upon the ether blue.

LXXII.

And gliding through the unopposing space,
Near, and more near, the night's delusion came ;
And there a well-known form might Arthur trace,
Drawn on his heart in lineaments of flame.
And still more palpable the form became—
But that it floated on the wings of air,
But that its loveliness put earth to shame,

But that no earthly form was e'er so fair ;
'Twas Mary, left, and lost, and lov'd, that hover'd there.

LXXIII.

" 'Tis she ! 'tis she !" and Arthur's fixed eye
Strained on the vision as it glode along,
And soft descending from the silent sky,
Paused where the rippling waves, a moonlight throng
Danced the white pebbles of the shore among ;
And there it rested on the ambient air,
Whose child it seemed to be, in silence long,
While the wind stirred the ringlets of her hair,
And busy, seemed full proud so bright a form to bear.

LXXIV.

Was her cheek pale ? Ah no ! the rosy beam,
The last that evening sunshine leaves behind,
To mantle there in blushes warm did seem,
Her robe was like that lightest cloud, the wind
Wafts slow o'er summer skies with day entwined,
Or dyed in moonbeams ; and her soft blue eye
Glanced with a smile, not such on earth we find,

But bright to ecstasy, and lighted high,
With all the gladdening joy that triumphs in the sky.

LXXV.

And round her spread that pure ethereal light,
That fills the vacancy of evening skies,
When the sun hidden 'neath the mountain height,
Shades his effulgence from man's dazzled eyes,
Yet ere to distant wakening lands he flies,
Westward he casts a brightening radiance kind ;
Like man that aye 'twixt hope and mem'ry sighs,
And while he speeds fresh hours and joys to find,
Looks backward still with love on scenes long left behind.

LXXVI.

'Twas one of those fair things that haunt our sleep,
When wild imagination unconfined,
Within no chilly bounds is taught to keep,
But wanders like the light unheeding wind,
O'er beds of flowers that reason ne'er could find.
It was a dream; for waking thoughts could ne'er
Devise such beauties in one thing combined,

For feeble language it was all too fair,
For nought that language grasps could with its look
compare.

LXXVII.

Distinct in form unto the wond'ring sight,
Still there upon the midnight air it hung,
A thought embodied in all hues of light,
And yet unto its nothingness it clung,
An airy image the moon's beams among.
There was a smile upon her lip, a smile
That still foretold each soft note that she sung,
Notes that would steal through Nature's silent pile,
And e'en would haughty rocks to answers soft beguile.

LXXVIII.

She sung of love—that purer love which bears
Our early fancy to a cloudless sky,
Ere all the weight of human lusts and cares
Weigh down the wings that first were formed to fly—
That love, heaven's tenant, wandering from on high,
That comes to steal us from our crimes away,
And points to brightness still the wavering eye,—

The love that shines in realms of endless day,
Midst heaven's own orbs with undiminished ray.

LXXIX.

With heart, and brain, and eye, and ear, intent

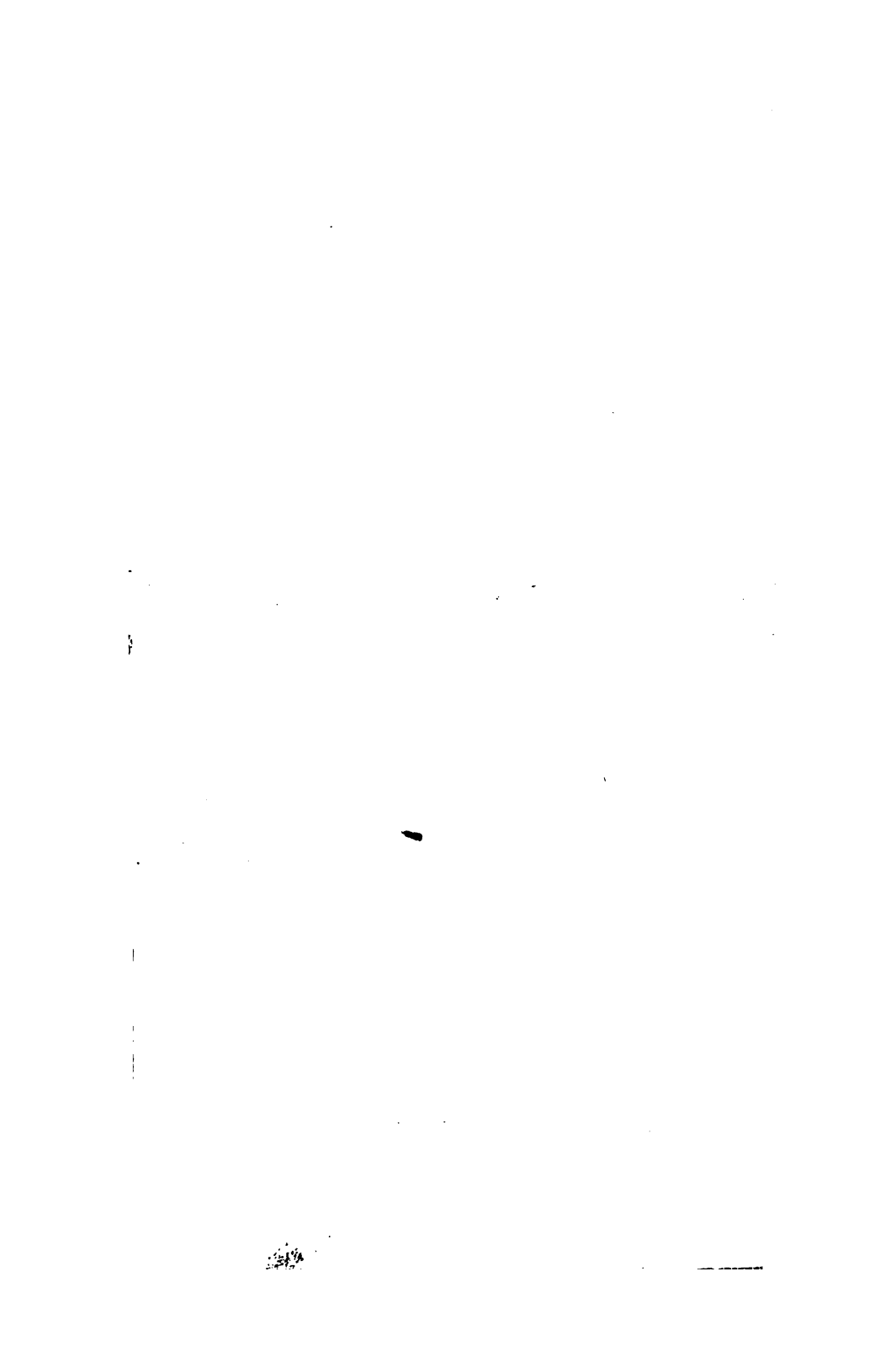
He listened to the magic of that strain,
Till the dropped music with the silence blent,
And that fair form mingled with air again.

Then, all too powerful for his o'erwrought brain,
Rushed thoughts from which, life had no power to
save ;

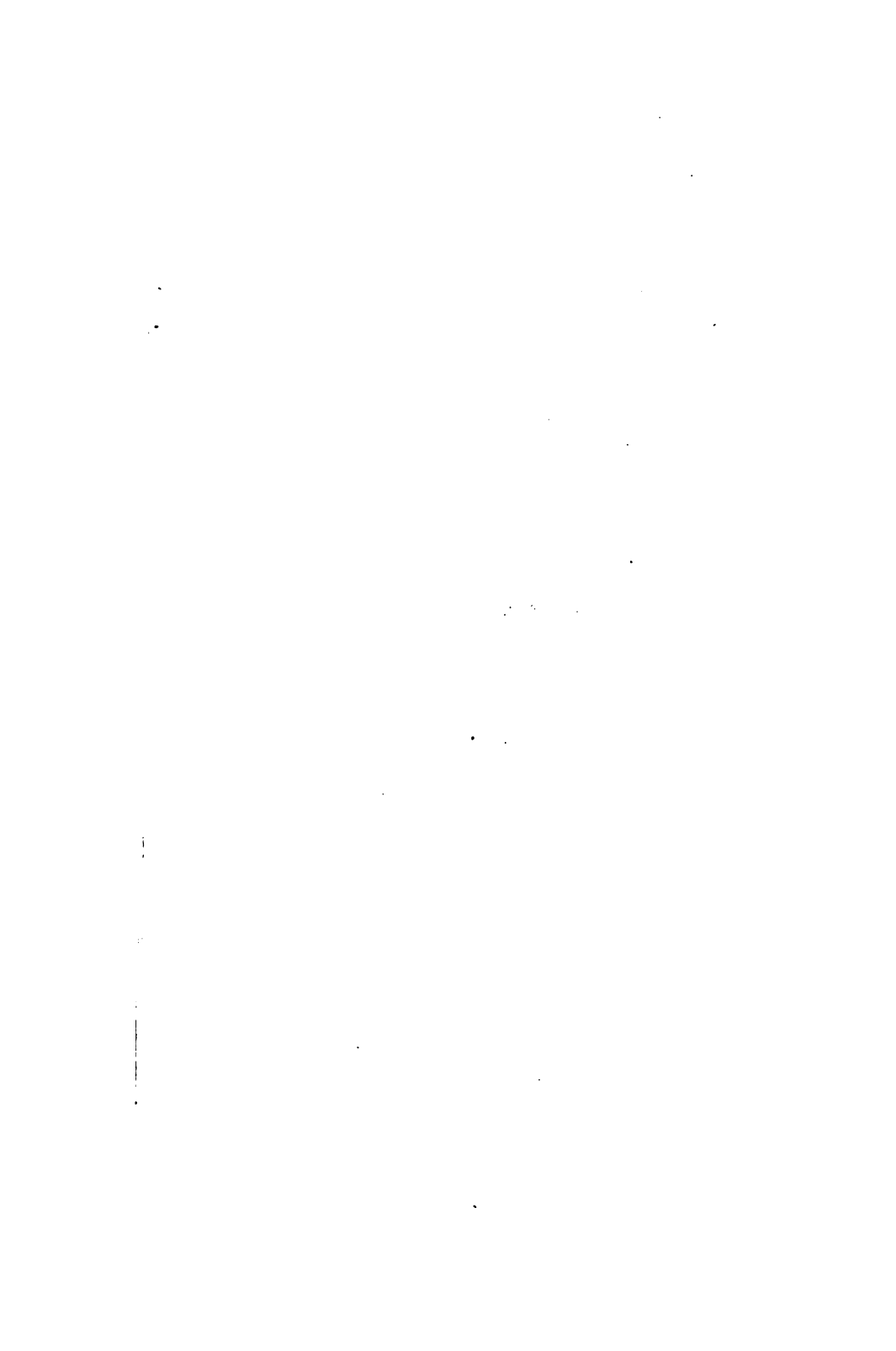
And casting off a world, now worse than vain,

He plunged his sorrows in the greedy wave,
Whose giddy moonlight throngs light rippled o'er his
grave.

END.



NOTES.



NOTES TO ADRA.

NOTE 1.

Adoring God in God's transcendent star.

The religion of the Incas was at once the most beautiful, the most pure, and the most natural of the many superstitions wherewith dark nations have attempted to supply the want of Revelation, if we may believe the eloquent words of Robertson.

“ The system of superstition on which the Incas ingrafted their pretensions to such high authority, was of a genius very different from that established among the Mexicans. Manco Capac turned the veneration of his followers entirely towards natural objects. The Sun, as the great source of light, of joy, and fertility in the creation, attracted their principal homage. The Moon and Stars, as co-operating with him, were entitled to secondary honours. Wherever the propensity in the human mind to acknowledge and to adore some superior power takes this direction, and is employed in contemplating the order and beneficence that really exist in Nature, the spirit of superstition

is mild. Wherever imaginary beings, created by the fancy and the fears of men, are supposed to preside in nature, and become the objects of worship, superstition always assumes a more severe and atrocious form. Of the latter we have an example among the Mexicans ; of the former among the people of Peru. The Peruvians had not, indeed, made such progress in observation or inquiry, as to have attained just conceptions of the Deity ; nor was there in their language any proper name or appellation of the Supreme Power, which intimated that they had formed any idea of him as the Creator and Governor of the World. But by directing their veneration to that glorious luminary, which, by its universal and vivifying energy, is the best emblem of Divine beneficence, the rites and observances which they deemed acceptable to him, were innocent and humane. They offered to the Sun a part of those productions which his genial warmth had called forth from the bosom of the earth, and reared to maturity. They sacrificed, as an oblation of gratitude, some of the animals which were indebted to his influence for nourishment. They presented to him choice specimens of those works of ingenuity, which his light had guided the hand of man in forming. But the Incas never stained his altars with human blood, nor could they conceive that their beneficent Father, the Sun, would be delighted with such horrid victims.”—*See Robertson’s History of America.*

“ Ce fut Manco-Capac, qui établit la religion en même temps qu’il fonda la monarchie des Incas ; ‘ Pacha-Cumac, leur dit-il, celui qui soutient le monde, n’a donné au soleil tous les avantages

dont il brille au-dessus des étoiles, destinées à le servir, que pour engager les hommes à reconnaître sa divinité, et leur faire abandonner la pluralité de leurs Dieux. C'est à tort que vous espéreriez du secours des vils objets de votre culte. Il ne me paraît pas possible que votre esprit balance entre le soleil dont vous recevez tous les jours des bienfaits infinis, et les animaux que vous révèrez. Les fruits, les arbres et les plantes, simples productions de ce grand Astre, ne doivent pas être l'objet de vos hommages. Cessez donc d'adorer les crapauds, les lézards et les reptiles, que la Nature n'a produits que pour êtres des objets d'horreur."—*Beautés de l'Histoire du Pérou.*

NOTE 2.

And icy Chimborazzo bearing high, &c.

The height of Chimborazzo, the most elevated point of the Andes, is twenty thousand two hundred and eighty feet ; no less than seven thousand one hundred and two feet above the highest mountain in the ancient continent.

The line of congelation on Chimborazzo, or that part of the mountain which is covered perpetually with snow, is no less than two thousand four hundred feet from its summit.—*See Voyage de D. Juan Ulloa, and Prevot. Hist. Gener. des Voyages, quoted in Robertson's Hist. of America.*

NOTE 3.

The latest province that Hualpa's hand.

Correctly speaking, this was not the case ; the valley of Villéa, in which the scene of this poem is laid, having been annexed to

the Peruvian empire, by Inca Roca, the sixth monarch of Peru; if we may believe the accounts which the Spaniards collected from the national traditions of the country. However, doubtless the reader will forgive the liberty which the author thus acknowledges to have taken, in consideration of the name *Villés* being more harmonious than any other he could find in the catalogue of the Inca's conquests, and of its position being best suited to the purposes of his poem.

NOTE 4.

Her lover's flute upon the hill to hear.

The best account I find of the state of music amongst the Peruvians at the time of the invasion of the Spaniards is the following :—

Les connaissances des Incas dans l'art de la Musique étaient très bornées. Les Collas, nation indienne, jouaient de différens instrumens, composés de quatre ou cinq tuyaux de roseau, disposés comme les tuyaux d'orgues, et dont chacun d'eux avait un ton plus haut l'un que l'autre, de sorte que la réunion de leurs sons formait une harmonie de quatre tons différens, le dessus, la taille, la haute-contre et la basse. Quand un Indien jouait d'un instrument, un autre lui répondait à la quinte, ou bien en d'autre tons, qui haussaient et baissaient sans aucune dissonnance; ils ne connaissaient pas la division des tons; les leurs étaient en tiers et d'une seule mesure. On élevait les seigneurs pour être les Musiciens du Roi; leurs flûtes n'avaient

que quatre à cinq tons, et chacune s'accordait à part. Ils jouaient des airs dont un autre chantait les paroles en vers mesurés sur leurs amours. Chaque chanson avait son ton particulier, de façon qu'on n'en pouvait pas dire deux sur le même ton ; parce qu'un amant qui voulait donner une sérénade à celle dont il désirait faire son épouse, suivait le mouvement de sa passion en jouant de son flageolet, et par la différence du ton triste ou joyeux, il exprimait sa peine ou son bonheur. On raconte à ce sujet qu'un Espagnol ayant rencontré le soir dans les rues de Cuzco une Indienne dont il était éperdument amoureux, voulut commencer avec elle un entretien dans lequel il espérait lui peindre si fortement les tourmens qu'il endurait, qu'elle en serait touchée, et finirait par le payer de retour, mais qu'elle s'excusa en lui disant ; ' N'entends tu pas la flûte dont mon serviteur joue sur cette colline ? Il m'appelle avec tant de passion et de tendresse, que je ne puis m'empêcher de l'aller trouver.—*Beautés de l'Histoire du Pérou.*

NOTE 5.

The far vicuna's bleating tongue she heard.

The vicuna is an animal peculiar to the southern part of the New World, holding a rank, as it were, between the lama and the sheep, to the latter of which it bears a considerable resemblance. When feeding on the mountains the flocks of the vicunas always throw out a kind of sentinel on some prominent point, who, whenever he perceives the approach of any intruder, gives notice

of danger by uttering a shrill cry, whereupon the whole herd instantly take flight.

Linnæus classes the vicuna with the camel, and calls it *camelus vicugna*; but though there may be many specific properties to justify this classification, in mere external form and appearance it seems to approach much nearer to the sheep. A French writer speaks of it as a species of goat.

“ Mais les chevreuils les daims, les chamois, et les autres animaux, appelés huanacus, qui ont le poil rude, et les vicunnas (espèce de chèvres sauvages) qui l'ont extrêmement fin et délié, étaient quelquefois en troupes de trente ou quarante mille plus ou moins, suivant le pays. Comme les Péruviens prenaient ces derniers animaux à la main, ils laissaient aller les jeunes pour entretenir la race, et distribuaient la chair de celles qu'ils gardaient. Ils donnaient la liberté à presque tous les huanacus et vicunnas : mais ils ne les laissaient aller qu'après avoir coupé le poil, qu'ils préféraient avec raison à leur plus belle laine. Ils tenaient un registre de ce bétail sauvage, afin de savoir combien on avait tué d'animaux nuisibles ou profitables, et de juger de l'augmentation de gibier à la chasse suivante. Ils distribuaient au peuple la laine des huanacus, et reservaient pour les Incas celle des chèvres sauvages, qui ne servait qu'au Roi et aux Princes de son sang.—*Beautés de l'Histoire du Pérou.*

NOTE 6.

Floated prophetic dreams of danger nigh.

No doubt can exist, that, amongst the ancient inhabitants of Peru, many of the chief men either imagined themselves really

to be seers, or endeavoured to gain a character of sanctity with the people, by pretending to vast powers of vaticination. The most celebrated of their prophets was Vira Cocha the eighth Emperor, who is said to have predicted, in express terms, the invasion of the Spaniards and the conquest of Peru.

NOTE 7.

Upon the old Curaca's weary eyes.

The Curacas of Peru bore the same relative rank as the Caciques of Mexico. Many of them had been independent chiefs, who had either voluntarily submitted to the domination of the Incas, or had been subdued by them ; but in both cases they were generally allowed to retain their former station, merely rendering homage to the Inca, and adopting the civil laws of the empire.

NOTE 8.

For royal Ata's freedom, who the while

Lay in vile bonds by villain Spaniards' wile.

Ata Hualpa, the thirteenth Inca, reigned over Peru at the time of the Spanish invasion, and was made prisoner by Pizarro in the most cruel and treacherous manner.

“ Pizarro, afraid of losing all the advantages which he hoped to derive from the possession of such a prisoner, laboured to console him with professions of kindness and respect, that corresponded ill with his actions. By residing among the Spaniards, the Inca quickly discovered their ruling passion, which, indeed, they were no-wise solicitous to conceal ; and by applying to that, made an

attempt to recover his liberty. He offered as a ransom what astonished the Spaniards, even after all they now knew concerning the opulence of his kingdom. The apartment in which he was confined was twenty-two feet in length and sixteen in breadth—he undertook to fill it with vessels of gold as high as he could reach. Pizarro closed eagerly with this tempting proposal, and a line was drawn upon the walls of the chamber, to mark the stipulated height to which the treasure was to rise.

“Ata Hualpa, transported with having obtained some prospect of liberty, took measures instantly for fulfilling his part of the agreement, by sending messengers to Cuzco, Isnito, and other places, where gold had been amassed in large quantities, either for adorning the temples of the gods, or the houses of the Incas, to bring what was necessary for completing his ransom directly to Caxamalca. Though Ata Hualpa was now in the custody of his enemies, yet so much were the Peruvians accustomed to respect every mandate issued by the sovereign, that his orders were executed with the greatest alacrity.”—*See Robertson's History of America.*

NOTE 9.

Huara's golden shield flashed in the day.

The only authority I can give for supposing that the Peruvians employed gold in the fabrication of their shields, is a passage in Voltaire's *Alzire*, wherein he bestows golden bucklers upon the army at large. However, as we know that ore, considered in Europe as most precious, to have been used in Peru for the for-

mation of culinary utensils, there is no great stretch of imagination in supposing it to have formed the shield of one of their chieftains.

NOTE 10.

A new strange form engrossed her wandering view.

“The horses were objects of the greatest astonishment to all the people of New Spain. At first, they imagined the horse and the rider, like the Centaurs of the ancients, to be some monstrous animal of a terrible form; and supposing that their food was the same as that of men, brought flesh and bread to nourish them. Even after they discovered their mistake, they believed the horses devoured men in battle; and when they neighed, thought that they were demanding their prey. It was not the interest of the Spaniards to undeceive them.”—*Herrera*.

NOTE 11.

His oft the moral instinct to foresee, &c.

It is not my object, in this note, to discuss metaphysically, or otherwise, the question, whether human beings are or are not occasionally endowed with a presentiment of their approaching fate. It is sufficient that many coincidences of the kind are upon record to justify the poet in making use of what the philosopher might reject. The most striking instance that I can at this moment call to mind of such an occurrence, well attested, is the firm opinion expressed by Lord Nelson, that his life was near its close, on the morning of that day in which he fell.—*See Southey's Life of Nelson*.

NOTE 12.

Lords of the thunder, children of the sea.

The fatal effects of the Spanish fire-arms led the Peruvians to name their foreign invaders, lords of the thunder ; and they also bestowed on them the appellation of children of the sea, from the element which bore them thither, and on which they first appeared.

NOTE 13.

All who had heard Alvarez fame must know.

Their fair fame is the only property of the dead, and far be it from me to plunder even one who is long gone, and whose name is little known, of any portion of that reputation which he has left. Be it therefore understood, that the character of Alvarez is entirely imaginary, and not in the least drawn from the person of the same name who, though certainly one of the invaders of Peru, behaved, I believe, with more moderation than most of the bloody-minded plunderers with whom he was associated. I have said that my character of Alvarez is imaginary, but it is so far historical, that the acts of treachery, cruelty, and baseness which I have attributed to him, were far outdone by many of the real personages in that great tragedy, the conquest of Peru.

NOTE 14.

Such were their deeds, so bloody and so base.

The Author does not wish the above lines to be considered as

applying to the whole body of Spaniards who invaded and conquered Peru. In speaking of them as a mass, he would say that their conduct was bloody and treacherous, though there were some individual exceptions ; but in speaking of the adventurers whom he represents as accompanying Alvarez, and who, as well as their leader, are, he repeats, mere creatures of his own imagination, he of course wishes to represent them as superlatively cruel, base, and bloody-minded.

It is however but just to the Spaniards of that day to state, that amongst many who disgraced the name of men, and still more the name of Christians, there were some who made themselves conspicuous by practising the precepts of a religion, one of whose great objects is to promote *peace and good-will amongst men*.

NOTE 15.

A fired volcano shook its blazing hair.

Almost all the peaks of the Andes either are, or have been volcanos ; so that, though I mean to refer to no particular burning mountain, the introduction of such an object in the scene I have described, was not inconsistent with the nature of the country.

NOTE 16.

With ranks unbroken, though with rapid pace.

During the dissensions between Almagro and Pizarro, many

parties of Spanish adventurers were attacked and cut off by different tribes of Peruvians somewhat in the manner described. The terror inspired by the horses and fire-arms of the Europeans gradually wore away ; the Indians learned to imitate the discipline and manœuvres of their enemies ; and had the struggle been protracted by any fortuitous circumstance, it is more than probable that they would soon have acquired sufficient knowledge in the art of war to repel their invaders and maintain their own independence. At the siege of Cusco, the Peruvians had already become so much familiarized with the means which their new foes employed against them, as to mount the horses, and employ the matchlocks which they took from the Spaniards.—*See Robertson, and Beautés de l'Histoire du Perou.*

NOTE 17.

Fierce urge the strife in fearful struggle closed.

As long as the Spaniards could maintain their unbroken phalanx, however small their number, they acted with irresistible power against the Peruvians ; but after a time, the Indians did not fail to discover that it was so, and on several occasions contrived to attack their enemies at some moment of accidental disorder.—*See Robertson.*

NOTES TO THE RUINED CITY.

NOTE 1.

The column marks each mighty deed he wrought.

It was a common custom amongst the Greeks to place a small pillar above the grave of any distinguished citizen, and to write upon the cover and even the sides of the stones, such an inscription as might best testify the applause of his country; thus at once commemorating great deeds, and rewarding them, and holding out both an example and an inducement to posterity.

NOTE 2.

Fought, conquered, and returned upon his shield.

That this was the method of bringing home the slain, we know from many circumstances, as well as from the Greek mother's injunction to her son, to bring home his shield, or to be brought home on it.

NOTE 3.

The living virtues of the Achaian maid.

Wherever I have made use of the word Achaia, I wish to be understood as referring to the whole of Greece, not the particular district strictly designated by that name. This liberty has been taken by almost all the Roman writers.

NOTE 4.

And made a temple what was meant a tomb.

I have here adopted the opinion of Dr. Clarke, whose reasoning establishes conclusively to my mind the fact, that the earlier Greek temples, and, indeed, those of most Eastern nations, were raised over the graves of departed heroes.

NOTE 5.

Here swept the mighty coilon, there the stage.

The *Coilon* or *Cavea*, was appointed for the spectators, and consisted of three parts, placed in equal degrees, one above another, the lowest of which belonged to persons of quality and magistrates, the middle to the commonalty, the uppermost to the women. And because theatres were open at the top, they erected porticos behind the cavea, whither they retired for shelter in rainy weather.—*Potter's Archæologia Græca.*

